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HOPE.

BY D. D.

Say, what is Hope? A strange delight,
That only lives and charms in thought;
That lures us to pursue its flight,
And dies when caught.

O Love! what is't thou dost pursue?
Thy blood is hot while in the chase;
Thou pantest, and a passionate dew
Moistens thy face.

The prize gain'd, thou dost rest awhile.
How doth thy gallant blood cool down!
Beware lest tears ensue, thy smile
Turn to a frown!

Then where do flowers unfading bloom—
In what soul's garden, who can tell?
That in their fullness leave no room
For hope to dwell.

Say, shall we climb the highest peak
To find them?—cross the farthest wave?
Or doth the blessed path we seek
Lie through the grave?

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XXX—(CONTINUED.)

BOTH Stannard Marshbank and the Earl looked up.

"She must tell everything she knows," said the Earl.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, quietly. "But she refuses to say anything; and my experience is, that when a woman has made up her mind to keep her mouth shut, it's much more difficult to open than an oyster."

"She will be made to speak at the trial," said Stannard, in a dry voice.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones. "But there can't be any trial until we've found Lord Fayne; when he comes back he will release her from her promise not to speak, no doubt."

"My son has asked her to be silent?" said the Earl, and he sighed deeply. "It is a terrible mystery!"

"It is that," assented Mr. Jones, cheerfully. "Meanwhile I've got Miss Warner down at the cottage here, under my eye."

Stannard had hard work to repress a start.

"Of what use is she down here?" he said, as casually as he could.

"Well, you see," explained Mr. Jones, "it's not unlikely that Lord Fayne may write to her; if so, the letter will be forwarded on from her London address; I shall stop it at the post office here, and the postmark on the envelope give me the clue."

"Why does he hide away?" said the Earl, bitterly. "I know that he is innocent; but I cannot understand why he has taken flight. I will have advertisements put in all the papers."

"That would be a waste of money, my Lord," said Mr. Jones, quietly. "I should think pretty nearly every newspaper in the English language must have an account of the murder, and Lord Fayne can't help seeing it."

The Earl sighed again—almost groaned, indeed—and left the room as if he could not bear a longer interview.

"This Grace Warner has said nothing, you say?" said Stannard, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Absolutely nothing," said Mr. Jones; "and," he added, as he took his leave, "I don't know that I want her to say anything until Lord Fayne is found. The fact is, Mr. Marshbank, the case is not quite so simple as I thought it."

"What do you mean? There can be no doubt about Lord Fayne's guilt—innocence, I mean."

Mr. Jones shook his head, with his hand on the door. "I never express an opinion, sir," he said. "I leave that to the judge and jury."

Stannard, after he had gone, walked up and down the room, his head bent, his hands clasped tightly behind him. The strain was beginning to tell upon him. Even a callous man like Stannard Marshbank cannot commit a cold-blooded murder without suffering a little inconvenience.

The blood stained face of the murdered man had an awkward and unpleasant trick of floating before him. Sometimes he saw it on the white tablecloth beside his plate; sometimes it looked out at him from one of the mirrors in the drawing-room. It peered at him over the hedge when he went for a walk; it came between him and the person with whom he talked; and, worse than all, it sat on the end of the bed, and stared at him all night long, so that it was extremely difficult for him to get to sleep; and, when he slept, it was only to go over the old, gruesome business, with every detail in its proper place.

Under these distressing circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Stannard Marshbank's health was seriously impaired. He tried to forget the ghastly face in hard work, but it came between him and his Blue Books, and actually had the impertinence to follow him into the sacred precincts of the House of Commons.

Stannard Marshbank had been expected to make one of his eloquent and telling speeches at the close of the session which had just been brought to an end, and he had got on his legs, and commenced his speech, in his usual calm and incisive manner.

The House was full, and had greeted him with an encouraging and an anticipatory cheer, for Stannard Marshbank was never better worth listening to that at the close of the session, when he could review his opponents' mistakes with scathing satire, and laud his friends' achievements with flowery eloquence.

But that night the House was disappointed. It noticed that the honorable member had been rather pale, when he started; but the pallor suddenly grew to lividity, and, in the middle of a beautifully-constructed sentence, he suddenly stopped, stared in a fixed and vacant manner over the Speaker's head, and, as if bereft of the power of speech, sank into his seat.

A murmur of astonishment had gone up, and his friends—or rather his party—for Stannard Marshbank had few friends—looked at each other aghast, too dismayed to move for a moment or two. When they had recovered sufficiently to hurry into the lobby, and ask him what was the matter, they were too late to find him. Mr. Marshbank had hurriedly left the House.

His breakdown was attributed to the effect of the painful scandal which Lord Fayne had brought upon his family; and there were some persons who were inclined to censure Stannard Marshbank for appearing in public while the cloud hung over the house of Averleigh.

He returned to the Court, where the gloom which seemed to envelope the place, and everyone in it, only served to aggravate his nervous condition.

Though no date had been fixed, it had been generally understood that his marriage with Eva should take place as early as possible; but, with a charge of murder hanging over his cousin, no marriage could at present be thought of; and, indeed, though he and Eva met every day, they were scarcely like an engaged couple.

She had always been, as it were, on her guard with him. From the first moment of their betrothal there had been a barrier like that of ice between them, which even his undoubted passion could not melt. But, since the night of the murder, the barrier had grown thicker and still more impassable.

Eva never refused to see him, or made excuses for avoiding him. She rode with him and walked with him, and sat with him in quiet corners, after the manner of engaged persons; but, though she was gentleness itself, there was a certain reserve in her manner which kept him at arms length.

He chafed and fumed inwardly, and, in the occasional revulsions which his kind of passion knows, was very often on the point of cursing her for "a cold-blooded jade;" but, though he knew she did not love him, he had no intention of releasing her.

He knew that she could not escape. If she should make the least attempt to do so he would swoop down upon her father with a mortgage which gave him absolute power over every foot of land, every stick and stone, Mr. Winsdale possessed. Yes, she should be his wife, he determined, though all the world came between them! He had become forger, even murderer, to get her, and have her he would!

But he was careful not to show the least sign of his impatience and resentment. His manner to her was a perfect blend of tender respect and devotion, and, though he postured as the greatest sufferer by Heriot Fayne's crime, he never uttered a word of complaint.

Heriot Fayne's disappearance puzzled and bewildered him. Why had Heriot flown on the night of the murder? And what was the connection between Heriot and Grace Warner? What did she know about the murder, and why had Heriot exacted a promise from her not to speak?

And now, she was here—here in Averleigh, and he might meet her at any moment. The sight of him might so enrage her that she might denounce him. If she should, the past relations between them would give that sharp greyhound, Jones, a clue to the actual murderer!

The sweat came out upon his forehead as he paced up and down the room—dodging that awful, blood-smeared face, which floated just above the third row of the book shelves. He must not meet her. In fact, he concluded, as he sank with a shiver into the chair, it would be as well for him to go away for a little while. A few more nights of sleeplessness, a few more days with that awful face floating about him, and he would be, if not actually out of his mind, in such a condition as to attract notice, and, perhaps, cause suspicion.

Yes, he must go away for a little while. Go away from the place of which every person and spot reminded him of the deed of blood. After a slight change he would come back, braced up, and restored to his usual confident self-reliance. Besides, Heriot Fayne would be sure to be arrested, a trial would take place, and it would be well for him—Stannard—to be out of the way.

And yet, no; he would have to be at that trial, whenever it took place. The sweat poured out afresh as he pictured himself standing in the witness box, with all the eyes in court fixed upon him, with the dread of what Grace Warner could have to tell gnawing at his heart. He got up, and went into the breakfast room, and mixed himself some brandy and water, and he felt a little better after drinking it, and took a more cheerful view of things.

After all, the evidence against Heriot was complete and damning, and there was nothing against him—Stannard—excepting Grace. Well, he must either buy her off or flatly contradict whatever she might say. After all, who would believe the word of a woman of no reputation against a gentleman of such irreproachable character as Mr. Stannard Marshbank?

But he would go away for a little while. He went up to town that afternoon, and had a little chat with the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

"Want to run across the herring pond, Marshbank?" said that gentleman; "and want an excuse, eh? Well, I can understand your being desirous of getting away for a little while."

"Yes," said Stannard; "it isn't pleasant to be stared at as the cousin of a man who has committed the most dastardly murder of the century."

"Quite so," said the Under-Secretary. "I can see that this sad business has knocked you out of time. You looked like a ghost in the House the other night. It's the best thing you can do, to get a thorough chance; and, as the House is not sitting, we can spare you."

"Thanks," said Stannard. "Perhaps you'll send me somewhere? Will you? I could scarcely leave my uncle just at this juncture unless I were compelled."

The Under-Secretary looked at the pallid face and the cold blue eyes curiously. "Heartless beast!" he thought to himself; but he didn't say so loud, for Mr. Stannard Marshbank was valuable to his party, and must not be offended.

"All right," he said. "I see. I'll look up some business I can send you off on, and let you know."

"At once, if you will, please," said Stannard.

On the evening of the next day he came into the drawing room with an official-looking paper in his hand. Mr. Winsdale and Eva were there, with the Earl and Lady Janet. They had been talking in the low and strained tones which had become habitual to them since the murder, and they all looked up as Stannard entered, and glanced at the paper, as if they expected and dreaded that it had some reference to the subject which was never off their minds.

Stannard understood the look, and bit his lip with impatience and irritation.

"I have just received an important letter from the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," he said.

The Earl sighed, as if disappointed.

"He wishes me," continued Stannard, "to go abroad on a rather delicate mission. There has been a little unpleasantness connected with our Consul at Monte Video. It is a matter of some importance, and the Foreign Office is very desirous that the affair should be settled without any fuss. I am afraid that, if full publicity were given to the affair, it might injure our party." He paused, and looked at the letter, thoughtfully. "They are paying me rather a compliment in asking me to go, and, I expect, if I had been able to accept, and bring the matter to a satisfactory conclusion, they would offer me a place in the Government. But, of course, I cannot go. I cannot leave you all just now." And he looked round sympathetically, allowing his eyes to rest with tender regard upon Eva's downcast face.

"I do not see why you should not go," said the Earl, gravely. "You have suffered enough through us already," he added bitterly, "and you can do us no good by remaining. No one can do any good, can clear up this mystery, until—until Heriot is found. Besides, duty to one's country, one's party, should always come before one's duty to one's self, or to

one's relations; but"—he went on, laying his hand upon Eva's arm tenderly—"it is for Eva to decide, it is for her to bid you go or stay."

Stannard went over to her chair and bent over her. "Tell me that I ought not to go now, dearest?" he murmured. "Believe me, I would rather not go. It would cost me a great deal to leave you at any time, but now—ah, you understand!"

Eva looked straight before her. She felt ashamed of the sudden sense of relief which came to her at the thought of his departure. He never came near her, never addressed her, especially in this soft, murmurous tone, without rousing within her bosom a feeling of repugnance and antagonism.

"I cannot say," she said, "whether you ought to go or not. Lord Averleigh says that you ought to go, that is your duty; if so——"

"Certainly you ought to go," said the Earl. "When I was working for the party I never allowed anything to come between me and my duty to it. This is an opportunity of proving your usefulness; you must not let it slip. Go by all means. I think that it will be a good thing for you in other ways; we have all noticed, we cannot have failed to notice, that you are not well. A change will do you good; it will be better for you to get away from this place, and the dark cloud which is crushing us all. Write to the Under-Secretary and accept."

Stannard went through a pretty affectation of hesitation.

"If I were only thinking of myself," he said, "I should at once refuse; but I cannot forget that there is one"—he touched Eva's shoulder with the tips of his fingers, causing her to shudder imperceptibly—"who will share in my career, and I must think of her. I will go for your sake, dearest."

Eva tried to find some words in which to respond to this touching unselfishness, but she could not, and her head bent lower.

"I am afraid I must start at once," said Stannard. "There is not a moment to lose, according to the Under Secretary, who, in anticipation of my acceptance, has booked a berth, and made all preparation for my departure."

When he said "good-bye" to Eva that night he tried to break down the barrier between them. He had sworn to himself that he would force her to respond to his passion; but when the parting took place in the hall, he felt, with an inward fury, that he was powerless to pierce the armor of reserve in which she was shielded.

He took her in his arms, and looked into her eyes with a passionate demand for one answering glance of love, but Eva was as snow. Not a tinge of color came into her pale face, and she was like a dead woman, or a ghost, to his touch.

"Good-bye!" he said hoarsely. "You little guess what it costs me to leave you. Will you not say you are sorry I am going? Eva, speak one word to me!" His voice was almost a cry. She tried to speak as he would have her, but the words seemed to freeze on her lips. She did raise her eyes, but their coldness smote him to her heart.

"I—I hope that you will come back all the better for the change," was all she could say.

He took his arms from her almost with a gesture as of putting her from him. She waited a moment, then turned away to return to the drawing room. He stood at the hall door, outside which the brougham waited for him, and looked at her with something that was a fine mixture of hate and love.

"Wait till you are my wife!" he muttered, as he passed out.

The next morning Mr. Jones, looking in at the cottage—which he frequently did in a "friendly" way—announced Mr. Stannard's departure.

"Mr. Marshbank's gone abroad on a private mission," he said. "I hope that it'll prove more successful than the Averleigh case. All right, Miss Grace, I'm not going to talk about it. As the song says, 'Oh, no, we never mention it,' do we? Where are you and Johnnie going?" he asked, for Grace and Johnnie were prepared for a walk.

"Only for a walk," said Grace, in a low voice.

"Perhaps you'll let me come with you?" said Mr. Jones, in the cheery voice with which he always addressed Grace.

Grave gave the consent which is indicated by silence, and the three set out, Mr. Jones accepting Mrs. Warner's invitation to return to the mid-day dinner. He very often stayed to dinner or tea, and his presence, though he was so closely connected with the all-absorbing murder, always proved welcome, and cheered them up.

They walked across the moor, Mr. Jones holding Johnnie's hand, and listening to the boy's artless talk. Somehow or other, whenever Johnnie talked to Mr. Jones it was always of Grace. Of how Grace had been Johnnie's best friend, of how she had gone out into the streets to collect the money for him, how she had been more than a sister to him, how prettily she sang, and how she was sure to make her fortune when Mr. Jones let them go back to London again.

And though Mr. Jones must have had a great deal upon his mind, to say nothing of the Averleigh murder, he seemed never tired of listening to Johnnie, and, indeed, leading him on to talk of Grace; and very often Grace would interpose with—

"That's enough about me, Johnnie, dear Can't you find something else to talk about?"

Mr. Jones would remark, "Don't you interfere, Miss Grace; Johnnie knows the subject I like best. Fire away, Johnnie, and tell us all about the sensation Miss Grace created at the duchess' evening party."

The three crossed the moor; and, in an aimless way, found themselves on the edge of the quarry, and, quite by accident, on the spot where the struggle between Stannard and Ralph Forster had taken place.

Grace and Mr. Jones looked looked down at the quarry beneath them, and, as was inevitable, thought of the murder. Johnnie sat down on the grass, and, taking off his cap, for though it was winter the day was mild, lifted his head to listen to a lark that sang blithely as it soared heavenward.

"It's beautiful to be in the country," he said, more to himself than to them, "for though I can't see the trees and the sky, I can fancy them, and I can feel the nice, fresh air, and that's almost as good. I suppose," he went on, "that grass doesn't grow black like the trees in the winter, does it, Grace?"

Grace did not hear him, for she was talking to Mr. Jones, and Johnnie dreamily felt and plucked the blades of grass within his reach. As he did so his sensitive fingers came in contact with a small, hard object, which he thought was a stone. He dug it out, and picked it up, and felt it, with his head on one side, after the manner of the blind; then he said shrewdly—

"It's sleeve-links, isn't it?"

Mr. Jones and Grace heard him, and they both looked down at the object lying in the palm of his hand.

"Look what I've found!" said Johnnie.

Mr. Jones stared, then with something that was like a snatch, took the sleeve-link from him. His face grew hot for a moment, then set hard and sharp.

"Where did you find this, Johnnie?" he asked, quietly, almost too quietly.

"Just down here," said Johnnie. "I felt the earth bulging up, and thought it was a stone."

"And every inch of this place has been searched!" said Mr. Jones, with barely suppressed excitement. "One of a pair of sleeve links—where's—where's the other?"

He was on his knees in an instant.

"Search, Johnnie; search, Grace!" he said, calling her by her Christian name in his excitement.

They searched as men search for gold—for more than an hour, but without success. Mr. Jones, red and perspiring, turned to Grace, with the sleeve-link in the palm of his extended hand.

"One of the sleeve-links worn by Lord Fayne on the night of the murder!" he said, his eyes fixed upon her like gimlets.

Grace started and trembled, then she slowly drew near and looked at the links.

Mr. Jones waited breathlessly.

"No!" she exclaimed. "It is not—I can swear it! He wore a set of plain mother-of-pearl. I saw them! I swear it! I swear it!"

Mr. Jones seized her arm.

"Hush!" he said. "Don't tell a soul of this find. Johnnie, you hear, you understand! You're not to speak a word. Come, you've shown you can hold your tongue to please Lord Fayne, now hold it to please me!"

"What—what do you mean?" faltered Grace.

"What do I mean!" he repeated. "Why, I mean that the man this sleeve link belonged to, the man who has got the fellow one, is the man who murdered Ralph Forster!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

BEFORE the good ship Mary Anne had been at sea two days the captain discovered that he had got a good sailor in Heriot Fayne, and the sailors that they had got a pleasant mate.

Heriot had the happy knack of making himself popular wherever he went; he could adopt himself to his company and circumstances; and, although he felt very sick at heart, and sorry for himself, he was not altogether unhappy. The work was hard, terribly hard, for the weather was bad, and the men seemed to be always on deck, and rushing about obeying orders yelled at them by the loud-voiced mate.

Sailors seldom call each other by their proper names; and Heriot, because of some little aristocratic ways of which he could not divest himself was promptly called the Dook. The name seemed to fit him and stuck to him throughout the voyage; but, although he had been dubbed a duke, there was nothing of ducal pride, or stand-offishness about him. He did his share, and sometimes more than his share of the work, and joined in the not too frequent amusements of the men.

He could take his glass and smoke his pipe with the rest of then, and very often lifted up his voice, and sang in a way that amazed and delighted his rough audience. The captain and the mate would come and smoke their pipes at the door of the fo'cs'le, listening to the clear and powerful tenor which mingled with the soughing of the wind and the rattle of the rigging.

The work was hard, the fare was plain to a degree, there was little time for thought and reflection; but hard work and low living did not, as he had hoped they would, drive Eva from his mind. Often, when he was perched up aloft, holding on to the yards for life, he would think of her—betrothed to Stannard Marshbank; and at these times he would ask himself whether, after all, he had acted wisely in resigning her to Stannard. Of course, she loved the man or she would not have engaged herself to him; but was it likely that such a man could make her happy? Ought he, Heriot, to have shown up Stannard, and allowed Eva to see the kind of man he was?

All these questions were not only painful, but useless, and he put them away from him as soon as he could, and tried to forget them. But, unfortunately, he could not put away his love for Eva. It had become a part of himself, a part of his very life He thought of her while he was at work, while he was singing in the fo'cs'le, he dreamt of her in the few hours of sleep which he snatched between the dog-watches.

In due course the Mary Anne reached the port of Saint Pedro, for which she was bound; and the crew proceeded to discharge the cargo, surrounded by a motley mob of Europeans and Brazilians, who swarmed upon the quay like so many bees or ants.

Heriot was always to the fore when hard manual labor was about; and, not for the first time, earned the approval of his skipper and his mate.

Now, he had only engaged himself for the outward voyage, but the mate was particularly anxious to book so valuable a hand for the homeward trip; but Heriot had no desire to return to England and eat his heart out while waiting for the marriage of Eva and Stannard, and he declined the mate's offer, while thanking him in his pleasant fashion.

"The skipper will make you second mate if you'll come," said the mate. "You've acted square by us on the 'out,' and the old man's taken a fancy to you. You see"—with a smile—"you're the first swell Le's had as a hand, and he likes the novelty."

Heriot laughed, but stuck to his refusal, and the ship Mary Anne sailed away, and left him standing on the quay.

In the old days Heriot would have gone on the spree, and painted the good town of Saint Pedro a brilliant red, while his money lasted; but he had changed pretty considerably; he had taken a fancy to the novelty—work, and not even the large allowance he had had of it on board ship had sickened him of it. Besides, while you're at work you have not so much time to dwell upon your troubles; and during the day and a half in which Heriot sauntered about the town and its outskirts, he found his troubles thronging back upon him. He must do something or else go mad, thinking of the girl he had lost.

On the afternoon of the second day, he was walking along the steep road at the back of the town, his hands thrust in his pockets, his head bent, when he overtook a wagon and a pair of horses. The conveyance stopped as he came abreast of it, and Heriot saw that the cause of the stoppage was one of the team, a young horse, who, worried by the flies, had kicked over the trace. A man, evidently the proprietor, was trying to persuade the irritated animal to return to its proper position. Heriot watched for a moment or two with rather listless interest, then, as he saw that the man had rather too large a handful, he went up to him and offered to help. The man was hot and out of temper, and consented to receive his assistance by a nod of the head.

Heriot, who understood horses far better than he understood human beings, went up to the colt, and laid a hand over his nostrils, in a veterinary fashion.

"He'll have that hand of yourn off," said the man, succinctly.

"I think not," said Heriot. "You go round to the other horse, and I'll manage this young 'un."

The man obeyed as if the team belonged to Heriot rather than to himself; and Heriot soothing and coaxing the colt into quietude, got him into his proper place, and so, nicely and neatly, averted what might have been a very nasty accident.

"Thank ye, thank ye," said the man, who had now recovered his temper, and was grateful. "I'm much obliged to yer, stranger. I'd a been in rather a fix with the two of them. Will you drink?"

Heriot was about to refuse, but an arm was thrust through an opening in front of the tilt which covered the wagon, and extended a stone jar. Heriot saw that the arm was a woman's and raised his hat as he took the jar, which contained home-made cider.

He and the man took a drink; and then the man, liquefied into further civility, asked—

"Where are you bound for, stranger?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied Heriot, frankly. "I've just come from board ship, and I'm taking a little slack."

The man wiped his mouth, and looked at him thoughtfully; looked at him up and down with the candid criticism which pertains to uncivilization. He saw the arm in the opening beckon the man.

"Stand by the colt a minute," said the driver, and he went round to the back of the van.

Heriot heard a murmured colloquy for a minute or two; and then the man came back and said—

"My name's Hiram B. Fletcher. I've got got a ranch up Lake Miriem; me and the missus have been down to Pedro for fixings, tools, and such-like. If you're got nothing better to do, Mr.——"

"Richard Brown," put in Heriot.

"Mr. Richard Brown," said the man, giving him his full name, punctiliously. "You might come along o' us. We ain't perticularly short-handed, but we can make do with a straight and square man, and you look straight and square, and as if yer understood horses. The wages ain't high—times ain't over flush—but I daresay we can come to terms if the place takes your eye, and you mean staying. Is it done?"

"It is done," said Heriot, in his quick way.

The man held out his horny hand, and they "shook."

"Best come round and see the missis," said Fletcher. "It was she as put me up to hiring you."

They went round to the back of the wagon, where Heriot found a delicate-looking woman lying on an improvised couch of hay, spread over a portion of the tools and "fixings." By her side lay a little girl of about five. She was not asleep, but her large eyes looked out from a pale face with a very dreamy kind of curiosity.

Mrs. Fletcher greeted Heriot rather shyly, and extended the small hand which had offered the cider. She looked tired, but her smile was a pleasant and agreeable one, and Heriot, who had acquired, since his love for Eva and during his wanderings as a minstrel, quite a new and strange gentleness, leant over the end of the wagon and talked to her.

She told him how far off the place to which they were going was situated, gave him an account of the farm, and hoped, with a shy little smile, that he was not afraid of work.

Heriot assured her upon this point, then turned his attention to the child.

"Your little girl, Mrs. Fletcher?" he asked.

She assented, with a sigh, and laid a loving hand upon the girl's short, brown curls.

"Yes," she said; "Lily's my only one. She's been ailing," she added, "and we've took her down to Pedro to see the doctor. It's been a long journey down, and it'll be a long journey back, and she's tired already."

"It's so hot in here, mother."

Her voice was very sweet, even for a

child, and, though plaintive, not whiney or querulous. Heriot went round and fastened back the front of the tilt.

"That's no good," said Lily. "We've tried that, haven't we, mother? and only the dust comes in."

"I see what you want," said Heriot, with the voice and smile which always won children's hearts for him. "You come along with me," and he held out his arms.

The child shrank back, timidly, for a moment, but Heriot, disregarding her shyness, took her up in his arms, and, deftly arranging the thin shawl so as to protect her soft, brown hair from the heat and the dust, pillowed her head upon his shoulder.

The mother murmured her gratitude, and the father, though too roughly shy to express himself in words, looked at Heriot sideways, and threw a smile at the nearest horse.

Heriot was too wise to talk for a little while, but, presently, he began to tell her, in the low voice which children love, about the various things they were passing. He described the flight of a rabbit across the road with such irresistible humor that Lily, craning round in the endeavor to see the fugitive, laughed, and then nestled her face closer into Heriot's neck.

After a time, he began to sing to her in quite a murmur, and had the satisfaction of feeling the light weight grow heavier, and soon knew, by its utter inertness, that she had fallen asleep.

"That child 'ull tire you," said Fletcher. "Best take her back to her mother."

"No," said Heriot. "That would wake her; she's pretty comfortable here, and I rather like carrying her, than otherwise. I've a weakness for children, especially when they're pretty."

So they walked on, and the slight weight of the child, somehow, seemed to make the trouble at his heart lighter.

Only stopping for meals, they traveled until nightfall, when they camped beside a stream, and beneath a clump of trees which served Heriot for bed-posts. Day succeeded day, and, though they would have appeared monotonous to most persons, Heriot, fresh from the limitations of a sailing vessel, rather enjoyed the lack of incident and the rest, for on his extraordinary strength the incessant tramping was no strain.

During the journey he and Lily had become fast friends, and the child's shyness thawed once for all, she lightened the way by an artless prattle which soothed Heriot's aching heart as nothing else in the world could have done. She was not in the least like Eva, and yet he never looked at her, or listened to her, without being reminded of the woman he loved; for, when a man is in love, all good women and children are linked together in his mind by a chain which is invisible to the man who is heart whole.

He carried her whenever Mrs. Fletcher would allow him to do so. He sang to her all sort of songs—hunting, comic, sentimental, seafaring—and she was always insatiable, and never weary of listening to the voice which generally sang her to bye-bye at night.

"We've got a treasure, Hiram," said Mrs. Fletcher.

"Yes," said Fletcher, with that grim reluctance to praise which distinguishes men of his class. "He'd do for a nuss, or a Christy Minstrel show, if we should think of starting one, if for nothin' else."

"I think he's a gentleman," said Mrs. Fletcher. "I wonder what his history is."

"I dunno," returned her husband; "and I shouldn't advise you to ask him. I made a kind o' try at it one day, and he giv' me a word and a look which made me put the shutters up mighty quick. Should not wonder if he's been up to some deviltry over there in England, and is lying low for a bit. Oh! it's these quiet ones as is sometimes the worst when their blood's up. Howsomever, I ain't no Sunday school teacher, and I don't want to take a hand in any man's affairs; got enough to do to boss my own."

At last, after what seemed, no doubt, an endless time to the fragile woman, and would have seemed more than endless to the child but for Heriot, they came in sight, from the top of a wooded hill, of a smiling little valley, on the side of which nestled a homestead. Fletcher pointed down at it with his whip; Mrs. Fletcher's eyes brightened; Lily clapped her hands and crowed.

It was home at last. As they descended the rough mountain trail, there rose, in answer to the neighing of the horses, the yelping and barking of dogs, and the shouts of men.

The house, when they drew up in front of it, proved to be a long building of the rudest type; but it, and the barns around it, showed unmistakable signs of comfort and prosperity. There were about half-a-dozen hands, mostly half-castes, and that Fletcher, notwithstanding his gruffness and taciturnity, was popular, was proved by the welcome extended to the home-comers.

The hands dwelt apart in a log hut at a little distance from the house, but the Fletchers invited Heriot to board with them, and, at the plentiful supper, served by a boy almost as black and grimy as a negro, Fletcher explained to him the kind of work that would be expected of him.

"I've got a station about six-and twenty miles from here," he said, "and most of the stock is up there, for there's better herbage and more water. I'll be glad if you'll take charge of that station, after a bit, and I'll ride over with you to-morrow, and show it to you. It's rather a lonely life, I ought to tell you, but you can't expect a society crowd in these parts. You can take a man or two with you, and try it, and, if you don't like it——"

"I'm not particularly gone on society crowds," said Heriot, pleasantly, "and I'll try it."

Late as it was, and tired and stiff though he felt, he made a point of going round the farm before turning into his little room under the roof. It was a prosperous ranch, and there were a goodly number of horses.

"You can take your pick of 'em to-morrow," said Fletcher, eyeing them with subdued pride. "There's a mare there, f'r instance, that 'ud suit you—that is, if you like something fast, and don't object to a bit of temper. There ain't none of the hands that can ride her; but I had it out with her a month or two ago, when I bought her, and we understand each other pretty well, though fire engines as stand on their hind legs is not my particular choice."

Heriot laughed, and, of course, at once took a fancy to the mare. When he woke the next morning, it took him a minute or two to realize where he was. He went down to the stream, and got a bath, and then came back and went round the farm, before entering the house in search of his breakfast. Fletcher had watched him with an approving eye, and remarked, under his voice to Mrs. Fletcher, "He'll do."

Heriot spent the first day in making the acquaintance of the hands and the animals, and picking up all the information he could respecting the work he had undertaken. That there would be plenty of it, and that it would be of the roughest kind, he was very soon convinced; but work, and hard work, was what he still wanted, and he did not feel at all inclined to back out.

That evening a little incident occurred which, if it had been carried to completeness, might have started him back to England post-haste. He was going up to his room, after a friendly pipe with Fletcher said—

"I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull here of an evening, Mr. Brown. I don't know whether you'd like to see the paper. I bought one at Saint Pedro; an English one, I mean, that we found at the hotel."

She went upstairs, and got it, and brought it to him. It was a copy of the Times, and its beer-stained columns contained a full account of the Averleigh murder.

Heriot opened the paper, and, in another moment, his eyes would have fallen upon the heading of the account, but at that instant, Lily came running in to say good-night. She was in her night-dress, with a little shawl over her brown curls, and looked as angelic as only a pretty child of that age can look.

She ran straight for Heriot, expecting him to hold out his arms, and receive her, as per usual, and Heriot, as a matter of course, doubled up the paper, and thrust it into the side-pocket of his flax jacket, and took her up.

"What's that you've got in your pocket?" she demanded, imperiously, as she wound her arms round his neck, and nestled her brown head boringly into his shoulder.

"It's only a stupid paper, Lily," he said.

"What's a paper?" she asked.

"Oh, a thing that tells you the news," replied Heriot.

"Well, why don't you read it?" she said. "Read it out to me, so that I can hear the news."

"You wouldn't care about it," said Heriot. "It's all stupid nonsense. What you want to hear about is what Jack found when he got to the top of the beanstalk. There's some sense in that, isn't there, Lily?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly. "Tell me about that. You can read the news in the paper another time."

"Yes, any time will do," said Heriot, and he started off on the good old story.

"You're right down spoiling that child," said Mrs. Fletcher, rebukingly, but with a mother's smile. "There'll be no holding her when you've gone up to the station."

"Do you think she'll miss me?" said Heriot, shifting her into a still more comfortable position. The thought made his heart warm within him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In the course of a week or two Heriot felt that he knew enough to take charge of the out-station, Lone Hill, as it was called, and he said so.

"All right," said Fletcher, in his curt way, and he added that he, his wife, and Lily, would go up with him, just to give him a fair start.

They took with them an old Mexican woman to act as cook and general housekeeper, and a couple of hands. "You'll want some help at starting," said Fletcher, considerately.

The hut at Lone Hill was rude, but comfortable. The scenery was magnificent, and stirred Heriot's heart as he stood at the door, and gazed over wide-stretching reaches of grass, as luxuriant and green as any that could be found, even in Ireland. Beyond these verdant planes towered mountains, thickly wooded, and here and there broken by clefts, down which tumbled cascades of water, rushing to bury itself in the great Lake Miriem which shone like a great shield of silver in the valley beneath.

If only Eva were here! he thought, with a sigh.

The Fletchers remained the night, and Mrs. Fletcher went out of her way to see that all was as comfortable for their "gentleman" hand as it could be.

But, when they were starting for home on the morrow, a difficulty arose. Miss Lily declined to accompany them. She clung to Heriot, with tears, and with the obstinacy of an only child, remarked firmly that she was going to stay with Mr. Dick, as he had taught her to call him. Her mother argued with her, Fletcher stood by and scratched his head gloomily, and Heriot tried persuasion; but it was all of on avail; Lily only clung all the tighter, and Mrs. Fletcher, afraid of making the child, looked from one to the other helplessly.

"Perhaps she had better stay a day or two," said Heriot, who, if the truth must be told, was as loth to part with her as Lily was to part with him. "You could send up and fetch her, or I could ride down with her when she got tired and home sick; it's no distance."

Mrs. Fletcher hesitated, and Lily smiled, and began to wipe away her tears, for she knew that she had conquered.

"You mustn't let her be a trouble to you," said Mr. Fletcher. "Sally will look after her, and when you want to get rid of her you can send word down to the farm, and her father will come up for her. I didn't think you'd want to leave your mother, Lily," she said to the child.

"No, more I don't mammie," remarked Lily. "You can stay, too, if you like."

But as this was not feasible, the Fletchers departed, and Lily was left in Sally's charge; and, strange to say, seemed perfectly contented and happy.

Heriot had chosen the black mare, with the bad character, and, after one decisive struggle with her, won her respect and affection. She was a magnificent animal, and even Heriot, who rode nearly all day long, could not tire her. He would start in the morning in the soft, yet bracing air, for some distant part of the ranch, only to find that the cattle he sought had strayed in exactly the opposite direction. He would have to follow them, and then discover that something had happened to one or more of them which necessitated his riding for home and back to the sick cattle again. Sometimes he and the mare had to camp out under the trees, but in this delicious climate there is no bedroom ceiling so enjoyable as the dark blue sky, punctured with stars that glitter like diamonds, and throw a light like the glamor of a poem across the sleeper's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is remarked by some writer that "excess of ceremony shown want of good breeding." This is true. There is nothing so troublesome as overdone politeness. A truly well bred man makes every person around him feel at ease; he does not throw civilities about him with a shovel, nor toss compliments in a bundle, as he would hay with a pitchfork. There is no evil under the sun more intolerable than ultra-politeness.

Bric-a-Brac.

FATHER OF CATS.—One of the chief men in a Mohammedan caravan is the cat-sheik, or "Father of Cats," who rides a camel carrying dozens of baskets filled with cats.

THE DE COURCYS.—Once upon a time the De Courcy family was one of the noblest and most powerful in France. The motto of their coat-of arms was, "I am no King; I disdain being a Duke; I am De Courcy." The last descendant died recently; he was one of the street sweepers of Paris.

HAIR DISHES.—In Russia bowls, dishes, plates, etc., are formed of the hair of the rabbit, hare, and other animals. The articles are felted and afterwards varnished. These utensils have the appearance of papier-mache or varnished leather, and possess the properties of being strong, durable, and very light.

MOHAMMEDANISM. — Mohammedanism consists of three things: Islam, or resignation; Iman, or faith, and Din, or Religious rites. It may be reckoned significant that it has long been known by only the first named, Islam. Resignation to Kismet, or blind faith, is its chief characteristic.

THE KING'S FRIENDS.—When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV. his Majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and the priest. "What is the meaning of this?" said the king. "I caused it to be given out," replied the prelate, "that your Majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might see who it was that came here to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

LIONS.—The Mesopotamian lion is usually without a mane, although upon the Karun River some have been found with a long black one. Such a lion, a recent traveller tells us, is called a Kaffir, or infidel, the maneless lions being Mussulmans. These latter, if properly adjured, may, say the inhabitants, be induced to spare life on orthodox confession of faith, while the unbelieving lion has no mercy.

FEAR OF DEATH.—The absence of fear of death which is such a striking characteristic of the Chinese nature has a logical explanation. The Chinese are taught that only those who face death fearlessly enter into happiness in the other world. Foreigners who have witnessed executions in China bear witness that, as the executioner with his sword mows down the kneeling ranks, the convicts invariably meet death with a jest.

MASKS.—Masks were ordinary articles of female costume in England previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The whole mask, covering the entire face, was held between the teeth by means of a round bead fastened on the inside. White half masks, with chin-cloaks—i.e., chin cloths or mufflers—were in fashion as late as the Commonwealth. During the reign of Queen Anne and the first half of the last century masks were still used by ladies in riding, and were worn appended to the waist by a string.

JAPANESE BRIDES.—When a Japanese girl is about to become a bride, she is counted as dead to her own parents. On the eve before the wedding she is borne out of her father's house clad in white garments, the prescribed mourning color; and as much formality is observed as would be if she were really deceased. The house is then purified by sweeping and dusting and airing. As the girl enters the enclosure of her new home, two lighted torches guide her in the right direction, and, as soon as the cortege has passed within the walls, these are extinguished simultaneously.

THE LADY OF THE WOODS.—Because of the grace, slightness, and elegance of its figure, the birch tree has been well named the Lady of the Woods. Though not much used in the timber trade, it is nevertheless employed in a variety of other ways. The birch bark canoe of the Red Indian has never been surpassed in boats of this class. Its silver stem has been tapped for its sugary sap, from which a wine has been made; beer has been brewed from its tender shoots, and tea has been prepared from its leaves. There is starch enough in its bark to form a rude kind of bread for the semi-savage folk in the icy North. It yields an oil, which gives to Russian leather its agreeable odor. In Russia they use the wood for roofing, boxes, jars, shoes, carriages, furniture and spoons, of which last named articles as many as thirty millions are made annually of its branches. Excellent brooms are made of its twigs, as many a boy can tell, having often figured in what has been called "a bad quarter of an hour." Indeed, does not "to birch" mean "to chastize?"

IS IT FAR?

BY M. K.

Is it far to the river?
Oh, traveler, say!
For my feet they are weary,
And dark is the way.
The clouds they have hidden
Each radiant star;
O! tell me, I pray,
Is it far?

Is it far to the city
Whose streets are of gold?
Whose treasures are boundless,
Whose joys are untold?
Where the beautiful gates
Of the saints are ajar,
Where my soul may have rest—
Is it far?

LOVE THE VICTOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

THE young man looked at her with almost ludicrous pity. She so beautiful to be so harshly treated by the world! He thought it too terrible.

"Will you let me teach you to play tennis?" he urged, bending over her, his pity showing in his eyes. "I fear you have known much trouble?"—this in low hesitating accents.

"I have; but I don't wish to speak of it," answered Agnes hastily, her eyes filling with tears.

Mr. Brander saw them, and hated himself for his unlucky observation.

"To think that a great lazy fellow like me should have done nothing but enjoy himself all his life, while this fair creature has had to bear the heat and burden of the day!" he thought commiseratingly.

Stephen Flackton, from the farther end of the table, could not keep his eyes off the slight white-robed form visible between the great silver gilt epergne and the groups of tinted fern that occupied the centre of the table. It was with the utmost difficulty he could bring himself to listen to the remarks of his hostess and Miss Dacre—between whom he sat—sufficiently to be able to answer coherently.

The latter had marked him for her own. She was one of those objectionable girls whose sole pursuit in life is husband-hunting, and in Stephen Flackton she thought she saw the husband of her dreams. He was very wealthy, he was handsome, and had no sisters, which was a great point. His very coldness and apparent reserve made her all the more ardent. When won he would be won for ever. He was the sort of man who would never waste a thought on any woman but his wife, and would never think anything too good for her.

Stephen was one of those men whom women woo, since he never cared enough for them to become a wooer. His heart was anything but susceptible. That he should have fallen in love at first sight was so incredible that he himself could not believe it. He told himself that he had never seen such a lovely girl as Miss Lyne, and he felt that he admired her warmly.

Mr. Flackton longed for the time to pass until he could approach and speak to her; and he would have given worlds to be able to turn Mr. Brander—who, Stephen felt sure, was boring her with his brainless talk—out of his seat, and take it for himself. Yes, he admired her very much, and was deeply interested in her, for he had seen her in such different circumstances that his curiosity was aroused.

"I made a great ass of myself when she came into the drawing-room," he thought, smiling absently the while into Miss Dacre's insipid pink and white face. "The girl must have thought me a perfect idiot—perhaps hates the sight of me. She will not look at me now at any rate."

"I see you are admiring our ferns, Mr. Flackton," remarked Mrs. Denys innocently. "Aren't they lovely in their fading colors? My little girl arranged them."

"Your little girl?" echoed Stephen vaguely.

"Yes," replied his hostess, laughing—"I mean Miss Lyne. She is my child now, you know."

"Have you adopted her, Mrs. Denys?" inquired Coralie, considerably astonished.

"I think I shall do so. Don't you admire her, Mr. Flackton?"

"Do I? I suppose so," he answered vaguely, helping Miss Dacre to pineapple instead of bananas.

"Just hear him! He supposes so! Why you ought not to be allowed in the same room with her."

"Oh, you horrid sarcastic man!" chimed in Coralie, calmly accepting the pineapple, and delighted with his indifference to Miss Lyne's charms. "I don't believe you ever admire any one, you hard-hearted creature."

"Very seldom, I admit," was the disappointing rejoinder, instead of the pretty speech Miss Dacre had expected.

The moment the gentlemen re-entered the drawing-room after dinner, Mr. Brander made a rush to the quiet corner where Agnes was bending over some intricate lace work; she was sitting apart from the rest of the ladies, who were mostly asleep.

Stephen was too proud to enter into open rivalry with him, but watched with angry jealous eyes the animated conversation that went on between the pair. How dared the fellow take up Miss Lyne's work and play with her scissors? How dared he look into her eyes in that impudent manner until her cheeks grew rosy? So ran the current of Stephen's thoughts, but no stretch of his imagination led him to suppose that Agnes looked displeased by Mr. Brander's presence. On the contrary, she was too evidently pleased.

"What does it matter to me?" he thought, trying to throw dust into his own eyes. "Miss Lyne is not so much as an acquaintance of mine."

He thereupon turned resolutely to Coralie Dacre, who was at hand, and for the very first time in his life attempted to flirt, which was perhaps, if he had but known it, about a decided a symptom as any he could have displayed of the malignant nature of his complaint.

Considering the conclusion at which he had arrived, it was strange that, when Charlie Brander was called away to take part in a duet with Coralie Dacre, Mr. Flackton, instead of following the latter to the piano, as in duty bound, should have made his way at once towards the girl whom he had just before thought "was not even an acquaintance."

Agnes turned pale at his approach, and was conscious of an unusual fluttering at her heart, an involuntary shrinking from him, which was comparable only to the trembling of some poor helpless bird in the presence of the fascination it would fain resist.

Awkwardly enough Stephen sat down in Mr. Brander's seat, longing for some of the friendly ease exhibited by that gentle man in similar circumstances.

"We are not quite strangers!" he began, quite oblivious of his previous strictures, and with a curious indistinctness in the usual clear tone of his voice. "I have seen you before, Miss Lyne?"

"Have you?" asked Agnes, not daring to raise her eyes from her work lest they should show her agitation. "I do not remember you."

"No—how should you?" said Mr. Flackton, growing bolder after once breaking the ice. "You would not be likely to remember me, but I could not; forget you. I saw you in Warning Minster," he continued, after a pause, during which he had been endeavoring to control the annoying tremulousness of his voice. "Your face fixed itself on my memory, and has haunted me ever since. But I long since thought I should never see you again."

"I remember the Minster," returned Agnes softly, gazing dreamily straight before her. "I used to go sometimes to hear the music, but"—her eyes seeking his face timidly for the first time—"I do not think I ever saw you there"

"No—although I was watching you during the whole service you bestowed only one glance on me when you passed through the porch. That warrants me in saying we do not meet as strangers—do we?"

"I? How should I know? No! Yes! Of course we do!" replied Agnes incoherently, the soft rose flush, which had annoyed Stephen so much when Mr. Brander had called it forth, stealing over her face again.

"At least I know I cannot look upon you as a stranger. I feel as if there never had been a time when I did not know you. At one period in my life the world was to me nothing more than a big place of business, and I had no thought beyond amassing money. It was but a poor ambition—don't you think so, Miss Lyne?"

"It was my ambition!" she admitted, half smiling, half sighing.

"Yours?" exclaimed Mr. Flackton, looking at her in surprise.

"Yes—I needed money more than anything else in the world. It would have been the means of saving a life dearer to me than my own."

The girl's trembling voice stopped abruptly; and she bent her head to hide the burning tears that rushed to her eyes.

Stephen's heart was stirred to its depths. That a woman, young, fair, and refined, should ever have to do more than enjoy herself was to him, as to Mr. Brander, a strange idea. He could hardly realize that Miss Lyne should have worked and suffered. Yet he remembered the sad tearful face, the shabby attire of the girl he had seen in the Minster, and felt it had indeed been so.

"I despise the money I made when I think of your having been in need," he said, bending over her with a new affectionate expression beaming in his eyes. "Believe me, I would not mind how hard the world was to me if it had but been kind to you. Why could not I have suffered in your stead, and you have had my comparatively easy life?"

Agnes looked up with a faint smile.

"You are very good!" she observed.

Something in her tone made Stephen flush and draw farther away.

"I suppose you think me unpardonably presumptuous," he remarked. "And indeed you have reason; but I mean what I say. There is something so repugnant to my mind in the idea of a helpless girl having to bear the buffets of a cruel world. She ought to be worked for, cared for, guarded——"

"And spoiled!" interrupted Agnes playfully. "I think work is good for every one; but unfortunately the struggle is sometimes unequal."

"Always, when one woman is pitted against the world."

"Oh, no—not always! I am opposed to it now, but see how well cared for I am."

"Opposed to it now?" repeated Stephen.

"Yes! Didn't you know that I am only Mrs. Denys' paid companion?" and Agnes looked proudly and half defiantly straight into his eyes.

Magdalen Ormond would hardly have known Stephen with that new expression of compassionate tenderness softening his face as he returned the look, and would not have believed his stern nature capable of unbending to so great an extent.

"I did not know," he murmured very gently. "But what of that?"

"I thought perhaps you might despise me for it," replied Agnes falteringly.

"I trust you will learn to know me better soon, Miss Lyne; then——"

"Then!" echoed Coralie Dacre pertly, catching the last word.

She had come up behind Miss Lyne unperceived, and was in a very bad temper. Mr. Flackton had actually chosen to stay talking to Mrs. Denys' companion, while she—Miss Coralie Dacre of Dacre Park—had been singing the sweetest love song she knew for his special delectation.

"I beg your pardon!" returned Stephen, in his iciest manner.

Miss Dacre's insipid-looking face grew several shades redder.

"I sang on purpose to please you," she continued, but changing her tone, "and you have been talking all the time."

"And I sang on purpose to please you," observed Mr. Brander, who had followed Miss Dacre, bending over Agnes, and you have been talking all the time."

"I think you might at least be original," snapped Miss Dacre, turning to him—"and also truthful, since you sang simply because I asked you."

"In the hope Miss Lyne would be pleased," said Mr. Brander imperturbably.

"What are you people quarreling about?" demanded another gentleman, joining the group. "Do give me the benefit of the excitement."

"Oh, about songs and singers," answered Charley Brander carelessly.

"Well, then, apropos of the subject, will you not favor us with a song, Miss Lyne?"

"She would if she could, but she can't!" exclaimed Mrs. Denys, drawing near the object of attraction, and putting her arm round Agnes in a way that proclaimed most enviable ownership. "The lilies do not sing, you know, any more than they toil—they are just meant to be beautiful, sweet, and admired!"

"And gathered!" added Sir Mavor Pryce, the third gentleman, with a very expressive glance at Agnes' lovely troubled face.

"The lily—the flower of Heaven!" murmured Stephen Flackton, so low that only Agnes caught the words.

"Unless you wish to 'paint the lily,' you had better cease!" laughed Mrs. Denys, touching the girl's fair cheek caressingly. "No—my little girl does not sing, but she will do so soon. I mean to give her some lessons myself. Oh, you need not open your eyes at me in that way, Coralie, my dear; I can sing, I assure you. But come to the fire, Agnes! You must have a glass of wine, and then I shall pack you off to bed. You are not quite strong yet, you must remember."

But it was not until nearly dawn that Agnes fell asleep. A proud cold face, whose blue eyes melted into waning warmth and softness when they looked into hers, seemed to keep her awake with the tender glance with which they had smiled "good night." A new trembling sensation, born of an exquisite happiness but yet alloyed with an inexplicable pain and dread, had taken possession of her. The icy looks of the Dacre girls, and the scornful glances of their mother were powerless to hurt her now. Yet strangely mingled with this new sweet emotion the grating voice of the old witch of the Weirdwood persisted in making itself heard.

CHAPTER X.

THE three Misses Dacre stood in the hall ready for a riding expedition. They looked very well in their fashionably made riding habits, which were buttoned with coral, and little hats each with its straight scarlet wing stuck jauntily on the left side. Three or four gentlemen waited to accompany them, while Agnes Lyne was receiving the girls' parting injunctions about some bows they required rearranged on their dresses for the evening's dance.

The young ladies did not scruple to beg small services from the girl they treated so contemptuously, and could unbend when they had a favor to ask. This afternoon, conscious that they were looking their best, and that three eligible bachelors were to be their undisputed possession for two or three hours, they had relaxed so far as condescendingly to inform Miss Lyne that she was a "good creature," and they "could trust to her taste in the matter of the bows entirely." To all of which Mr. Flackton, who was one of the eligibles, listened with scarcely-restrained ire. But Agnes only smiled, and promised almost merely to do her best.

The fact was that Miss Lyne had passed a very happy morning. She had been out in the woods gathering half-faded ferns and long glistening wreaths of briony for the evening's decorations. She was not alone, as heretofore, but assisted—or, as she laughingly declared, hindered—by Mr. Flackton. He had waylaid her as she left the garden, and insisted on carrying her basket and other impedimenta.

It seemed so strange and sweet to this lonely girl, whose life had been hitherto so hard, to find herself at last an object of solicitude. It was a novel experience to Agnes to have the trailing brambles or eglantine removed from her path lest their thorns should touch her dress, to be urged to rest lest she should be tired, not to be allowed to pluck any but the most delicate blossoms lest she should soil or scratch her fingers in any way.

Every word that Mr. Flackton spoke, every glance of his blue eyes, the touch even of his hand when he deemed it necessary—as he constantly did—to assist her over some ridiculously small obstacle, were an involuntary confession of the love which filled his heart. For deeply, passionately, with all the force of his strong manhood, he loved this pale fair girl, who only three days ago had been to him a stranger.

He saw but Agnes everywhere; his life was filled by her, and she was to him what the sun is to the sunflower. He thought only of her, he dreamed of her; with her he was all life and animation; away, dull and silent, even morose.

The people in the house pronounced him "stupid," unsociable," "proud as a Lucifer," perhaps not without some grounds, for his whole sole was absorbed in one idea. In mediæval days Agnes would assuredly have been suspected of having exercised some subtle spell over him.

As it was she was termed "sly," "designing," "mercenary," and a few other expressions of a similar nature; but that Mr. Flackton was really serious in his attentions to the penniless companion never occurred to any of the ladies domiciled at the house.

Agnes herself was instinctively conscious of Stephen's devotion without admitting it to her own heart, or searching for its secret verdict on him. But, like a blossom in the sun, she seemed to expand in the atmosphere of his devotion. Her lips parted in unconscious smiles, her eyes shown like stars, and she sang be-

neath her breath as she moved about with light step.

A wild-rose tint came and went with a host of lovely dimples in the creamy cheek, and Mrs. Denys gazed approvingly on her deepening beauty, for it reflected credit on her treatment. The lady-guests, with one or two exceptions, regarded it as another proof of upstart forwardness, while the gentlemen were, almost to a man, in love with her.

In the cool shadows of the pine-wood Agnes walked by her tall companion's side, wondering at and half afraid of her own happiness. She, who but a few days before had bemoaned her loneliness, had now many pleasant friends who were all so good to her, she thought with deep gratitude.

At the luncheon table afterwards they had sat side by side, speaking little, but evidently absorbed in the delight of each other's proximity. Mrs. Denys has asked Agnes a question three times before she could obtain an answer, while Miss Dacre had appealed to Stephen in vain.

"He is as stupid as he is handsome!" Miss Coralie declared later, pouring forth her indignation into the ears of her eldest sister, who had a grievance herself in the shape of the defection of Sir Mavor Pryce, once her special cavalier, who also seemed smitten by the beauty of Miss Lyne.

That afternoon, however, Sir Mavor, Mr. Brander, and Mr. Flackton, after some great persuasion, it must be owned, on the part of their hostess, had fallen victims to the fair Dianas, and, in consequence, the latter were condescendingly amiable to Miss Lyne, who had promised to stay at home and adorn their dresses.

"I shall be wretched until I get back again!" Stephen whispered to Agnes, lingering for a last word when the rest had passed out under the bridge-way to seek their mounts. "I dislike the idea of your working at those women's dresses."

Agnes broke into a merry peal of laughter.

"One of the duties of my position is to make myself useful," she declared provokingly.

"Not to such women! I wonder Mrs. Denys allows it! However it will not be for long."

"If you please, Mr. Flackton, sir," interrupted a groom, coming back across the bridge, "the ladies are waiting for you, sir."

"I'm not coming!" Stephen exclaimed angrily. "I shall stay, and——"

"No—you will go," cried Agnes, alarmed—"for my sake, please, Mr. Flackton!"

"For your sake then," he observed reluctantly; "and you will give me an extra dance to-night?"

"Oh, go—go! We will see when the time comes!"—and Agnes fairly ran out of the hall, Mr. Flackton being obliged, with a very bad grace, to join the fair equestrians.

"Tiresome man!" ejaculated Coralie Dacre, reaching down from her saddle to tap him with her gold-mounted whip when he appeared at last. "Miss Lyne has been flirting with you, I suppose? What a sly little wretch she is!"

"Miss Lyne is something distinctly different from the girl of the period," he answered, with cool contempt. "She is innocent of all fashionable vices. I do not think you would find it easy, Miss Coralie, to initiate her into the art of flirtation."

"Thank you for the implied compliment!" replied Coralie, whipping up her horse angrily, and galloping off down the echoing road, while Stephen followed unwillingly admiring her really splendid seat, and feeling in a better humor since he had made her angry; so that, as Coralie was easy to conciliate, the ride was finished more amicably than it began.

* * * * * * *

"We are ready to dance, Miss Lyne, when you are ready to play!" remarked Coralie Dacre, sweeping across the hall in her pale blue silken skirt, a cluster of deep crimson flowers fastened under her girdle.

A large blue and crimson fan hung from one of her arms, upon whose long crimson mittens several jeweled bangles jingled musically.

Agnes Lyne was standing with drooping head and happy eyes listening to Stephen Flackton's thanks for her acceptance of his gift, a bunch of mountain-ash berries, which she wore in the bosom of her white dress. She looked up in surprise at the sound of Miss Dacre's not very amiable tones.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot play. Did you not know?"

"Cannot play? Oh, indeed!"—with contemptuous incredulity. "But I suppose you will dance?"

"Certainly—with me!" replied Mr. Flackton sternly, offering Agnes his arm at the same time. "We will ask Mrs. Denys what is to be done!"—this to Agnes, in his softest accents, and, unceremoniously, he led her away from Miss Dacre, who stared in blank amazement, watching their progress and murmuring "Insolence!" under her breath.

"Oh, I am afraid Miss Dacre will be very angry!" murmured Agnes reproachfully to Stephen.

"I meant her to be!" was his cool reply.

"Do you know that, if she had been a man, Miss Lyne, I should have left her lying full length on the floor. Yet, because she is a woman, she is at liberty to insult any one—or thinks she is!"

"She does not mean to insult me, I am sure," said Agnes gently. "Besides, you always forget that I am only a penniless nobody; it is not to be supposed that Miss Dacre should show me much consideration. If it were not for Mrs. Denys' kind partiality I should not mingle with her guests at all."

"I do not forget that by right of beauty and innocence you are queen over all women!"

Absorbed in themselves, the pair forgot their original purpose of speaking to Mrs. Denys', and sauntered round the hall instead, followed by not a few envious or admiring eyes.

The sound of the piano warning people to take their places made them start. The first quadrille was formed already.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Agnes, with childish disappointment and hesitation, "and I can only dance quadrilles!"

"We will have a polka!" said Stephen. "You can dance them?"

"But I do not think Miss Dacre likes polkas!"

"What of that? You do, so we will have plenty. I know Mrs. Gelling can play a charming polka, and she is very obliging."

"Yes—is she not kind? She has been inviting me to stay with her, when I have a holiday."

"Very kind! Will you go?"

Stephen's voice sounded so strange that Agnes, although ostensibly watching the dancers, looked up at him curiously. Whatever she observed in his eyes caused her to hide her own at once.

"I—yes—if Mrs. Denys thinks I should."

"Well, I think you will go somewhere else when you have a holiday—at least, I hope so," said Stephen audaciously.

"You don't know anything about it? I shall go where Mrs. Denys thinks best."

"Oh, no! We shall not consult her!"

"We shall not consult her?" exclaimed Agnes, in genuine astonishment. "What do you mean, Mr. Flackton?"

"I will tell you, but not now"—his voice thrilled with tender meaning—"and not here, my child." Then he continued more lightly—"You are more like a lily than ever to-night."

"Are you not going to speak to me to-night?" uttered a reproachful voice; and Mr. Brander with the smiling Mrs. Gelling, paused in front of the other pair, the lady taking forcible possession of Mr. Flackton and leaving Agnes for Mr. Brander.

"You must not forget our compact, Miss Lyne," remarked Mr. Brander, when he had obtained her promise to give him the next quadrille and a polka later on.

"Oh, no!" answered Agnes in rather a remorseful tone, knowing that her first friend had very little place in her thoughts now. "But you have been dancing."

"And you? What have you been doing?" Mr. Brander retorted reproachfully.

"Watching you," replied Miss Lyne saucily.

"How strange then that you should have returned my 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles, with such an abstracted stony gaze," said Mr. Brander satirically.

"I am going to dance with you," answered Agnes, blushing vividly, "so you must not be angry with me now."

"Angry with you? How could I be angry with you? But I must confess I have been feeling dreadfully neglected and deserted."

"Come, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance!" cried Mrs. Denys, fanning herself vigorously, as she swept up to them. "I want you to play a valse; nobody else can or will—I don't know which it is! Now do be obliging!"

It was rather hard on Charlie Brander; but he smothered a groan of despair and proceeded to obey his hostess.

"Don't forget our dances, Miss Lyne!" he whispered, as he walked off dejectedly; and he relieved his feelings by playing the wild sweet strains of a German waltz.

Quadrille number two was just over, and Mr. Brander, feeling he had earned his happiness, bore Agnes away to the drawing room, ostensibly to rest, but really that he might have her sweet companionship to himself.

He saw her into a comfortable chair in one of the large window recesses, where she could rest her head against the piled cushions, and sat down in front of her.

"Now, this is what I call jolly," he declared, with boyish fervor, "to have you away from that lot of folk! Those Dacre girls are too much for a fellow!"

"Even Miss Rose?" asked Agnes mischievously.

"Why 'Miss Rose?'" demanded Mr. Brander.

"Because you seemed to like her so much."

"Oh, dear, no! Nothing of the sort, I assure you!" he exclaimed, with unnecessary warmth. "She is good fun, I admit, but the Dacres are not the sort to make friends of. You are my friend," he said gently, a flush rising to his face—"at least if you still care about my friendship. But, now you have so many others, perhaps you do not need me?"

Agnes could not help smiling at the young fellow's dolorous tone; but she answered earnestly—

"Indeed you must not think so poorly of me as that, Mr. Brander. I do not forget that you were my friend in need, nor that I was very desolate until the evening you were so kind to me."

Mr. Brander took the hand that lay on her knee, and kissed it passionately.

"Dear friend! Sweet," he was beginning, when the voice that Mr. Brander detested above all others—Stephen Flackton's—exclaimed in tones of the most provokingly complacent ownership—

"Oh, here you are! I have been looking for you everywhere. Pardon me, Brander; but Miss Lyne is my partner for the polka which had already begun."

Interfered with a second time, Mr. Brander had the mortification of seeing Agnes' irrepressible joyous flutter and blush as she went off with Mr. Flackton, without word or glance for her "friend in need."

That night, when Agnes retired to rest, very late, very tired, very happy, she found a tiny note pinned to the cushion on her toilet-table.

"I think you must have guessed how fondly I love you? But I can bear the suspense no longer. I asked you once for your friendship; I ask you now for your love—or at least to give me a hope of winning it. I can't put it in the language some fellows would; but I offer you a true, deep, unchanging love, and I hope that you will accept it. If you can give me hope—ever, ever so little—wear the heather I enclose to-morrow morning at breakfast; if not, wear the berries you wore to-night. I shall then know my fate. Do not think my words are cool. If you could only see into my heart, you would find that it is full of thought for you.

"C. B."

Agnes kissed both note and heather; then, putting them away, the girl knelt down, hid her face in her hands, and burst into bitter tears. But she wore the ash-berries at breakfast the next morning.

Shortly afterwards Charlie Brander left the Grange for his home in the South—"called away very unexpectedly on urgent business," he explained to his hostess, when she expressed her regret for his departure, while Agnes ran up to her own room to indulge in another good cry as he drove off forlornly in the mist and rain.

CHAPTER XI.

A FORTNIGHT passed, and most of the guests had left Weirdwood, for the beauty of the autumn had waned. The flowers hung draggled and hueless from their stalks; the leaves whirled about in dreary fashion. Day after day the sky was covered with clouds, while stormy winds roared over the bare hills, or whistled through the moaning trees.

At eventide Garfell and Weirdwood seemed to assume their most forbidding aspect, and Mrs. Denys wished herself anywhere else, bemoaning her husband's invalid condition and unreasonable preference for his ancestral home, which hindered the fulfilment of her wishes.

And still Stephen Flackton lingered on. In spite of his previous assertions that business must not be neglected, and that a week's absence was the utmost he could possibly permit himself, he appeared now content to let it look after itself, never so much as mentioning it.

Mrs. Denys was too glad of his society to inquire closely into the reason of his staying, for she loved companionship and excitement, and endeavored to detain her guests by every possible device.

The dismal days passed happily for Stephen Flackton and Agnes Lyne, their love developing every day, although the words that were to make their dream of happiness reality had not yet been spoken.

Agnes never thought of the future. She revelled in a very atmosphere of felicity. She loved and was beloved. She knew it as well as if Mr. Flackton had told her so, and the knowledge was as all-sufficient as her trust in him was all-perfect.

The Dacres had left Weirdwood, and only Mrs. Gelling and Sir Mavor Pryce now remained, and both of these took part in the general spoiling of Agnes.

So these first sad days of autumn were full of joy to Mrs. Denys' young companion, whose duties were so light that her position in the house might have been that of an honored visitor instead of a paid servant.

One particularly stormy evening, when the wind was roaring down the wide old chimneys, and frothing the leaden waters of the moat, Mrs. Denys with Agnes and the three remaining guests were seated round the hall fire, Glim stretched on the rug before the blaze. They were talking about an excursion they wished to make before Sir Mavor left, which he intended to do in the course of a few days.

"If only the weather would clear up!" sighed Mrs. Denys dolefully. "Oh, what a dreary old place this is!"

"All places are dreary in bad weather," observed Mrs. Gelling sententiously; "but still I think we have managed to make ourselves very happy and comfortable here."

"What do you say, Mr. Flackton?" asked Mrs. Denys mischievously, for Stephen's devotion could not be concealed. "Othello's occupation's gone now you have given up shooting, I suppose?"

"I have more resources than the misguided Moor possessed," returned Stephen coolly, while Agnes hoped her blushes would pass unnoticed in the ruddy firelight.

"I should not be surprised if the weather changed quite suddenly," said Sir Mavor, pulling thoughtfully at his iron-gray beard while he stared at Agnes' lovely face. "And we get our excursion after all."

"I hope so! I am longing to see Carnling Bay!" exclaimed Mrs. Gelling. "We shall drive, I suppose?"

"As far as Oisering," explained Mrs. Denys; "then we have a railway journey of twenty miles—after that a walk over the moors to the sea."

"Glorious!" ejaculated Agnes eagerly. "I am longing to see the sea!"

"So am I," echoed Stephen, smiling at her. "There will be a full moon, too—at least if the sky clears, as I hope it will."

"You will like that, Miss Lyne?" interrogated Sir Mavor. "Moonlight on the sea!"

"'A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear;
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that guard us here!'"

quoted Mrs. Gelling.

"You ought to sing the song, since you have put it into our heads," remarked Mrs. Denys, more by way of diverting the lady's attention to Agner, at whom she was smiling significantly, than for any other reason.

"Yes—in common justice you ought to be compelled to do so!" declared Sir Mavor, following suit.

"Oh, give me mercy before justice!" declared Mrs. Gelling. "Whatever common justice demands, mercy should remember that I am bashful."

"Everyone praises mercy, very few care for justice," observed Stephen gravely; "and yet mercy is a weak virtue very often, and has not half the grandeur or rugged strength of justice."

"Hear the oracle!" cried Mrs. Denys, with mock awe, raising her hands, on which her costly rings sparkled.

"I fear you would be a severe judge, Mr. Flackton," declared Mrs. Gelling, turning her plump smiling face to his.

"A just judge, I hope," he answered, still more gravely.

"I should not care to be a prisoner before you," said the lady, "if I were in need of mercy or forgiveness."

"You would not withhold them—would you?" asked Agnes, looking timidly up into Stephen's face, and thinking how stern he could look.

"There are cases where justice should be first—nay, the only consideration," replied Stephen, not returning her glance—"occasions when mercy would be a pitiful weakness, forgiveness a sentimental farce."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GARDEN AND CRADLE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

When our babe he goeth walking in his garden,
Around his tinkling feet the sunbeams play;
The posies they are good to him,
And bow them as they should to him,
As fareth he upon his kingly way;
And birdlings of the wood to him
Make music, gentle music, all the day,
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden.

When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle,
Then the night it looketh ever sweetly down;
The little stars are kind to him,
The moon she hath a mind to him
And layeth on his head a golden crown;
And singeth then the wind to him
A song, the gentle song of Bethlem-town,
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.

Her Temptation.

BY E. P. W.

IT WAS a hot, sunny afternoon in August, and the pavement of the street Beryl Cranbourne was looking upon from the dining-room window was quite dazzling in the white heat.

The girl was by no means handsome, and the plain chocolate dress she wore in no way set her features nor her figure off to advantage. Nevertheless, her golden-brown hair was silky, her gray eyes soft and bright, her complexion pure and fresh, and her expression betokened a disposition of amiability and sweetness. No, she was not even pretty, but there was a charm about her that attracted people, making them think so, until they looked again, and saw that she had but small claim to the title.

A hired brougham had just driven from the door. Beryl's eyes had followed it, and unconsciously were yet bent in the direction it had taken, a thoughtful, regretful expression on her countenance, her hands clasped and drooped in front of her. In that brougham had departed her aunt, Mrs. Cranbourne, and her cousin Blanche, dressed to the nines, and bound to a garden-party, where there were to be lawn-tennis, croquet, archery, and no end of other amusements which young people enjoy, and which this particular young person looking into the glaring roadway felt she could have very much enjoyed indeed. But her aunt and cousin had gone, leaving Beryl, Cinderella-like, at home.

It was very hard to be shut up and alone on this bright summer afternoon, with all the wondrous vitality of youth pulsating through every vein. Still it was right, quite right. Did not aunt Cranbourne give her lodging and board, and Blanche's last year's dresses? For Beryl was the orphan daughter of a penniless lieutenant, who had had but his love to bequeath her.

Aunt Cranbourne had had lately all the expense of bringing Blanche out—Blanche, who was at a first glance the twin of Beryl in countenance, only so very much prettier, and lacking the amiability. And was it not, too, very expensive to find her (Blanche) toilets so as to hold her own in the matrimonial market, and not one of the silver or gold fish who lately had become so wary, shooting off just as they appeared to be gliding so easily in?

"The one idea, my dear Blanche," remarked Mrs. Cranbourne, in confidence, "of a girl, is matrimony. The girls may deny it, but it's truth. If they reach thirty without having a chance, then let them join the sisterhood who talk of equality of woman, of men's vices, and rail against marriage. But the one thing a girl has to think of, to try for, is matrimony. The man is not of so much consequence as the position and settlement he can give his wife. Recollect, I'm not leaving a stone unturned for you. It will take some time, I assure you, to recover from the inroads I am making in my miserably small income, to settle you off my hands."

Certainly very outspoken this. Not an atom of concealment, and very pure, moral teaching truly. Then the world calls out at unhappy marriages.

"I wonder," had murmured Blanche, in response, "what Beryl's ideas of matrimony are? We are the same age."

"Beryl!" with a toss. "My dear Blanche, your positions are utterly different, utterly. I speak of girls in society. You are in society—Beryl cannot be; a dependent now upon my charity, and with only her own resources to depend on in the future. Directly she hears of an engagement she will leave. Marriage with her is very, very problematical. Also it would be mistaken kindness did I let her share your pleasures. First, I cannot afford it; secondly, it would unsettle her, and make her discontented, by giving her tastes she would soon be unable to gratify."

So Mrs. Cranbourne and Blanche plunged into the sea of pleasure, angling for the big fish matrimony, while Beryl sat in the small, skimpy house by Regent's Park alone, or, as on this afternoon, looked with a twinge of envy out of the window after the brougham.

Turning her eyes into the room, the latter appeared the dingier, smaller in contrast to the expansive blue sky, the warm sunshine without.

"I'll go for a walk," she decided. "I can't stop in on such a day. Everything and everybody seem enjoying it, but me. There's the housemaid singing, 'Jeannette and Jeannot,' out of lightness of heart. Let me make use of liberty while it is mine."

Ascending to the over-grown cupboard, called a room, she dressed, took her gloves, and leaving the house, was soon in Regent's Park.

With the exercise, the air, and the sunshine, her spirits rose. A healthful nature, physically and mentally, she found pleasure in the trees, the grass, and the laughing children tumbling there. Suddenly, a roar familiar to her ears, caused her to halt.

"Why, the lions are being fed," she reflected. "I did not notice I was close to the Zoo. How I should like to go in."

Could she afford it? A shilling? Oh, dear, no! Then she remembered the day was Monday, and the entrance only sixpence, which appeared so very much less, that she decided to be guilty of the extravagance.

As might have been expected, it being so fine, the beautiful gardens were crowded, especially about the cages where the beasts were fed; while when the turn of the seals came, it was quite a crush, those inside being wedged in almost beyond self-extrication.

Beryl, too nervous and feminine to force her way forward, remained near the outer circle, seeing nothing of the seals, save when erect they flattened themselves against the bars, or flopped upon the chair.

Upon what trifles do the entire events of a life turn. Had Beryl got close up to the tank, she might have been Beryl Cranbourne to this day. As it was, there being no other attraction, she looked round at the people until her eyes rested upon a young man, with handsome pleasant features, who, being tall and able to look over the heads of the rest, was evidently much amused and interested in the intelligent phoci.

Beryl, finding nothing so agreeable to contemplate, glanced very frequently in his direction, often smiling when he burst into laughter, though she did not know what had amused him.

Then there was a shout and swaying of the crowd, which took her a trifle nearer the young gentleman, and she was aware the seals' keeper had come. Instantly the attention, even of those too distant to see much, was directed to the tank. Beryl rose on her tip-toes, hopeful of catching a glimpse of the wonderfully intelligent creatures, whose race is becoming rapidly and brutally exterminated by man, for fashion's sake; but soon growing weary of a position that produced but a poor result, dropped firmly on her feet, and half turned preparatory to quitting the crowd, when she beheld something which riveted her to the spot.

She saw a tall, well-dressed man, by garb a gentleman, swiftly introduce his hand into the young man's pocket, draw something out, and slip it in his own. Then he began to back from the crowd. Beryl seeing this like a flash, stood struck dumb, motionless. There was a rushing, heaving through her veins, making her head dizzy; she was aware, mentally, she was asking herself what she should do? Feeling, instinctively, she must do something, and not let the pickpocket escape with his booty.

If she spoke, calling out what she had seen, before, in her excitement, the people understood her, the man would run. If she told him who had been robbed, quietly, the thief would be suspicious, and be off. Every limb trembled, she felt choking with impatience. Suddenly she decided. A quiet, middle-aged man stood by her. She touched him on the arm, saying, indicating the pickpocket:

"That man has just picked a gentleman's pocket, and is going to escape. Oh, don't let him."

"Are you certain, miss?" asked the other, turning sharply.

"Quite. I tell you, I saw him."

"All right."

It didn't quite seem so to Beryl, for instead of following the pickpocket, the man only made his way out of the crowd. Speedily she recognized this as a piece of strategy; for, meeting the thief on the outskirts, abruptly he placed a firm grip on his shoulder, arresting him.

In a second there was a scuffle. The crowd found something to look at even more entertaining than the seals.

It swayed and turned, bringing Beryl closer to the thief's victim, who was gazing round in perplexed amazement at the commotion.

"I beg your pardon," said Beryl, addressing him. "I feel sure your pocket has been picked, sir. Would you mind seeing?"

The young fellow, turning ashy pale, quickly thrust his hand in his pocket.

"Great heaven!" he ejaculated, in consternation. "My pocket book has gone!"

"Do not be concerned," replied Beryl, now recovering self-possession. "The thief has been caught. See."

"Just come this way, please," called Beryl's friend, still grasping the thief, and addressing the young fellow. "Is this your property?" and he motioned to a bulky pocket-book, upon which his foot was pressed tight down.

"Yes, certainly!" said the owner, with evident delight, and almost sprang upon it. "Thank heaven! It contains valuable papers, which would have been ruin to me if lost."

"Well, that they ain't you may thank this young lady," was the answer. "If she'd lost her head, or called out, as some ladies do, the Captain—that's this chap—would have been off. I know him. But instead, as cool as possible, she touches me on the sleeve, not knowing I was a detective, and whispers all about it; and so I've nabbed my gentleman. Now please, sir, your name and address. You must appear, you know."

"But I can't," answered the young man. "I go from here straight on board the 'Glenmore,' that starts for Australia to-night. The man must go."

"Not he. Lucy he's wanted in another case. Come on, Captain."

Moving off, the two took the crowd with them, leaving Beryl and the stranger alone.

"How can I thank you?—how can I?" exclaimed the latter, vehemently, and much agitated. "I have not words to. You will understand when I say my future fortune depends on these papers. I came to London for them. Only this afternoon did I get them, and as all my luggage is on board, I placed them in my pocket-book. My fault is in having come to the Zoo. Yet," and his eyes rested on her face, "I cannot regret that, since it has placed me under so great an obligation to you."

Beryl, blushing, protested no thanks were necessary. Certainly not more than what he had already expressed.

"Oh! I cannot admit that!" he exclaimed. "At least give me your name and address, that I may write, and make amends for my lack of ability now."

Beryl, yet protesting, gave him what he sought. "Miss Cranbourne" (she was Miss Cranbourne, being the eldest), and her aunt's address. Then shaking hands, bidding her farewell, the stranger hastened from the Zoo, fearful of risking the papers further. As the evening was coming on, Beryl soon after also left, a little elated by the adventure which had been an event in her rather monotonous, colorless life.

"I wonder if he will write?" she reflected; then added, with a laugh, "Not he! But how really lucky it was for him that I was there."

Reaching home, she found two letters waiting her. One was accepting her services as resident governess to three young children. The other an offer of marriage from a middle aged sea captain, with a small income, and manners as rough as the north wind. Beryl blushed, then laughed merrily.

"Well," she thought, "at least I've pleased some one."

On her aunt's return she placed the letters before her, and a row followed.

"Of course you will accept?" queried Mrs. Cranbourne.

"The governess' engagement, aunt? Oh, yes."

"No; the captain's proposal!"

"Oh, no. Why, he is old enough to be my father, and I don't like him one bit."

"Love! If girls wait until they marry the man they love, there will be small chance for them. At least for the plain and penniless ones," irately. "What better can you expect than this? The captain will keep you comfortably, your future will be settled—instead of slaving as a governess."

"Aunt, I prefer to slave, rather than wed anyone I don't care for, because he can keep me. At least I retain my independence and self-respect."

Then aunt Cranbourne lost her temper, aware she was quite ready to sell Blanche, as Blanche was ready to sell herself, for a handsome settlement, minus any love, save on the surface. There was a grand flare-up. Aunt Cranbourne bade her niece not expect further assistance from her. She was not going to sacrifice herself for one so blind to her own interests.

"You'll never do better, don't flatter yourself."

"I shall do better in being free," retorted Beryl, proudly, resolved never again to accept shelter from aunt Cranbourne.

Only on the morning of her departure had the quarrel sufficiently blown over for Beryl to relate her adventure at the Zoo, but she told it only in a half-hearted way, there being this estrangement between her and her listeners.

"What is his name? What was his address?" asked Blanche.

"As if I should have been so impertinent as to ask him," smiled Beryl. "Why should I? It is not at all likely we shall ever hear of each other again."

Three months, indeed, nearly four, had elapsed, when there arrived a packet adressed to Miss Cranbourne. Blanche opened it, naturally, and found within an exquisite and costly bracelet. Her eyes literally danced; she gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, mamma—mamma!" she exclaimed. "A present—see!" holding it up. "Is it not exquisite?"

But her pleasure was short lived. In the box was a folded paper. Taking it out, she read:

"DEAR MISS CRANBOURNE,

"At last I have leisure to give myself the delight of, in writing, thanking you for the immense service you rendered me at the Zoo. You do not know how immense. I shall never forget it. That you, too, may remember it, may I entreat your acceptance of the accompanying bracelet. When you look upon it, you will be reminded of the deep gratitude I do and ever shall feel towards you.

"Sincerely yours,

"REGINALD MOSTYN."

"It's for Beryl," remarked Blanche, disappointedly, yet twisting it in the light. "Shall I forward it on, mamma?"

"Certainly not," was the response. "She has not condescended to write to us for three months. I shall not put myself out of the way. It's like her pride to call herself Miss Cranbourne. Of course her father was the eldest, but only a wretched lieutenant, while your papa, Blanche, was a barrister in good practice. There, put the thing away. When she comes she can have it."

But Beryl, piqued at the neglect she experienced, did not come, and did not write. So shortly after, at a ball, Blanche wore the bracelet, and was surprised at the admiration it won, and the high value put on it.

"Mr. Mostyn must be very rich to give such a present," remarked Blanche, as they drove home. "I do wish it were mine!"

"I see no reason why you should not wear it," rejoined Mrs. Cranbourne, shortly.

A year passed. Blanche's second, but yet she was in the matrimonial market. Certain fish had hovered very near the bait, but suddenly had whisked off and married someone else. There had been a short letter from Beryl, saying she was very comfortable, and that the family were all going abroad for an indefinite period, and she was going too.

"She seems as far from marrying as I am, mamma."

"She! Absurd. Not likely. But, my love, you must really try and—well—and not be quite so particular."

Three more months, when another letter came to Miss Cranbourne, but this time a commissionaire brought it, waiting an answer.

It was from Reginald Mostyn; he was staying at the Grand Hotel, and hoped that Miss Cranbourne would allow him to call. He was most impatient to see her again.

"What answer are you going to send

mamma?" asked Blanche. "He seems very earnest."

"My love, the wording of that letter sounds like marriage."

"Mamma! No, I couldn't—I wouldn't," with jealousy flashing in every feature, "support Beryl wedding—wedding such an excellent match, while—while I have not the slightest chance. Oh, it would be most humiliating!"

"If he really wants Beryl, he'll have to find her," remarked Mrs. Cranbourne, after pacing thoughtfully to and from the room. "Blanche, I have an idea. You might carry it out, if—if you are a girl of spirit. Beryl called herself Miss Cranbourne—society knows only one Miss Cranbourne—you; you are very, very like Beryl, only prettier. Why—for fun, a joke—shouldn't you receive this Mr. Mostyn? Of course, he means nothing now. Why, he only saw your cousin a few minutes, and who can tell? He might fall in love with you. You might—might," her voice shook a little, "marry, and go with him to Australia, or even be in London, without Beryl ever being the wiser; for remember, she doesn't even know his name."

"Oh, mamma! Would it be—right? Suppose he isn't rich—or—nice?"

"Then, my dear, he can go, and we need not receive him again."

The result of that conversation was that Blanche wrote a little note saying they would be very pleased to see Mr. Mostyn at four o'clock tea.

Reginald Mostyn was to time. He started as he beheld Blanche, and she started too. This young man was certainly nice, good-looking, and most fashionably dressed.

Reginald had started because he had not thought her to whom he owed so great a debt was so pretty. Oh, she was decidedly that. Yet there was a something that did not affect him in the face now as at the time gone by.

A something appeared lacking, and there was a vague feeling of disappointment as he bowed over her hand, and uttered the pretty speeches he had made up as he came along. While Blanche, having seen him, for the life of her could not have spoken the truth, and confessed that she was not his Miss Cranbourne.

All three, however, got on better in a short space. Of course, Reginald Mostyn talked of the occurrence at the Zoo, and Mrs. Cranbourne took upon herself the conversation to spare her daughter.

"I told you the papers were valuable, Miss Cranbourne," he smiled. "You shall judge. They established my right as heir-at-law to a fortune of a thousand a year."

A thousand a year! If Mrs. Cranbourne had hesitated in her matrimonial scheme before, she did so no longer.

"But, mamma," began Blanche, feebly protesting after the gentleman had gone, only to return and dine with them on the morrow, "Beryl——"

"Child," broke in the lady, "there must be no buts. I tell you Beryl will never know. Besides, he may love you because you are pretty. He might never dream of proposing to Beryl, a penniless governess."

"That is true," murmured Blanche, glad to accept a salve for her conscience.

But it was not true. Reginald Mostyn had long made up his mind, and was in London for the purpose of making Beryl his wife. He intended, as he believed, still to do so; but somehow, he was not as eager; he had grown colder. Nevertheless, time was short, he had to return to the Antipodes. So one day he proposed to Blanche, and was accepted.

"I must not delay, dearest, in England," he said. "You will not mind our wedding being soon."

In the mother and daughter's idea, the sooner the better. So while they hurried on the trousseau, Reginald Mostyn paid a flying visit to Paris to see a Mrs. Belvoir, the sister of an old Australian friend.

The lady received him in the midst of her rosy, merry children, but immediately rang the bell for their removal.

"Mr. Mostyn and I have much to talk about," she laughed, "and the rogues are too noisy. Carry them off, my dear Miss Cranbourne, and let us be rid of them."

Miss Cranbourne! At the name Reginald Mostyn turned quickly towards the governess, who had entered. He saw the conscious color on her cheek; the shy recognition in the beautiful eyes, whose sweet glances he had never forgotten.

"Why," he cried, "you are she. Who—who then is the other?"

He had caught her hand, and was gazing upon her with amazement.

"You seem to know each other," said Mrs. Belvoir.

"Yes. This," said Beryl, still confused, "is the gentleman whose pocket-book I was fortunate to get restored to him. I told you about it, dear Madame."

"Then it was you? I knew it was," cried Mostyn, excitedly. "But—but—who, I repeat, is the Miss Blanche Cranbourne I saw in London?"

"Oh, she is my cousin," said Beryl.

When Reginald Mostyn went back to Australia, he took a wife with him, but—her name was not Blanche. The latter and her mother departed for the Riviera before the young Australian came from Paris, a letter having preceded him.

A year later Blanche married a suitor, whose age more than double her own, and she did not send Mrs. Reginald Mostyn, nee Beryl Cranbourne, cards.

Hunting Wild Cats.

BY A HUNTER.

ONE of the best morning's sport I ever had with cats was on the Trespalacios Creek. This stream was then without a single settlement upon it, from its mouth to its source; and being heavily timbered, was a harbor for game, animals, and vermin of all kinds.

Once, perhaps, in three or four years, some half-dozen hunters would go for a fortnight's camp-hunt, and pitch their camp upon its banks—its bright waters abounding in fish, whilst in the woods animals of every kind common to Texas could be found, from a wild bull to a ground squirrel, from a turkey to a quail.

A weary ride of thirty miles brought our little party to the Trespalacios Creek. The ride was tiresome—not from the distance, but from the snail's pace at which we were compelled to travel, as we had an ox-wagon with us filled with casks and sacks of salt; for we intended to combine business with pleasure, and save the best of the meat we hoped to kill.

The four yoke of sturdy oxen hauled the huge Osnaburgh covered wagon at less than three miles an hour over the prairie, whilst three other hunters and myself slowly piloted the three negroes, who took it turn about to drive the team; the two off duty—negro fashion—passing their time asleep in the bed of the wagon, together with half the pack of hounds, who also rode in their turns.

The negroes were brought to attend to the hobbled oxen when we should arrive at the camping-ground, as well as to the skinning of the animals we might kill, and the salting of the meat, which we intended to preserve.

Although we had started at about three o'clock in the morning, it was nearly sundown by the time we reached the spot determined upon for our camping-ground. Most of our arrangements had thus to be made by the light of an immense fire; and though we worked hard and fast, it was late before our suppers were ended, and our hounds fed; so that after one pipe, and a tin pannikin of grog, we were all glad to stretch ourselves upon our blankets, and get to sleep.

Ben K——, the owner of most of the hounds, was not a man likely to oversleep himself, or forget any business he might have on hand, especially when that business was hunting. None were therefore surprised, though one or two felt rather surly, when five or six blasts from Ben's horn set all the hounds howling, and roused us all most effectually from the land of dreams.

"There is no time to lose," said Ben, as soon as we were wide awake. "The sun 'll be up a'most before we are ready mounted; so saddle up, and get your shooting-irons in trim. You can eat a bite of biscuits as we ride along, and I needn't say you can take a nip of whisky as well in the saddle as on foot, for I know there is not one in this crowd that couldn't drink if he was set on his head, or least-ways try."

Urged thus to hurry ourselves, we were not long in getting ready for the business and sport which had cost us so much toil the day before; for, to compel yourself to the crawl along like a snail, when you have the means to finish your journey in a quicker manner, is one of the most tiresome of annoyances to a hunter, especially with a broiling sun overhead; and the day before I had envied some of the hounds, who had been able to travel under the shadow of the wagon.

To look at the hounds on this morning, however, there were no signs remaining of their tired appearance, for they capered around our horses, evidently eager for the fun.

"Look out, 'painter,' cat, or bar!" said Ben, when he saw all ready for the sport; "I guess this team 'll make you stir your pads if they come across the trail of any of you, and we've got the barking-tools to back them up in any of their undertakings."

Following the sandy margin of the creek, we rode slowly forward, the hounds scattering themselves about in the forest, though two or three old stagers followed the water-line as though they were looking for "sign," independent of their noses, and expected to see where some cat had been to drink.

Suddenly, at the same instant, one of the hounds at some distance in the forest gave a long yell, as though he had come across something that was very nice, just as one of the old stagers opened at the edge of the water, and having paused one instant, as though to make sure that it was no false alarm, he dashed off in full cry toward the other hound who had challenged; and speedily the woods rang to the full chorus of the united pack.

"Let's see what it is," said Ben K——, as he dismounted, and gave his horse to hold, whilst he went down on his knees to inspect the ground more closely by the still indistinct light of the early day.

"It's a cat! the 'sign' is as round as an orange," he added, as he rose from his knees. "I was somewhat in hopes it might be a 'painter,' just for a beginner."

Luckily, a cat does not take a line, and run straight away, for otherwise the pack must have run clean out of hearing, and the one before them seemed rather to try and throw them off the scent by tree-climbing, and springing from one tree to another, than to outpace the hounds, and so escape.

A prolonged baying, at length, told us that the cat had at last "treed," or had sought some refuge from its pursuers; and when we arrived, we found that it had gone to earth, under the root of a large live oak tree.

Our presence gave new courage to the dogs, and one ventured to poke his head and half his body into the hole. A scream of agony instantly succeeded, and told us that the plucky hound had caught a Tartar; and his struggles to escape and draw back were wonderful.

At last, he managed to tear lose, emerging with his ears and shoulders scratched to ribbons, and giving plain evidence that claws and teeth had done their work. Without heeding the warm reception given to his companion, another stunted little hound forced his way into the hole.

A mingled noise of howling and cat-swearing succeeded this new attack, and Ben K—— dismounting, forced his gauntleted hand under the dog's belly, and thrusting his arm as far as he could, caught the cat by the throat, and dragged back both hound and varmint.

The cat hung on to the dog until it discovered the rest of its enemy's friends, when it loosed its hold, and tried to escape; but the other dogs instantly closed, and the cat was literally "chawed up" in no time.

Taking the pack to the creek where the wounded could bathe their hurts and refresh themselves, we gave them ten minutes' breathing time before we started to look for a fresh quarry.

The second "treed," and was shot after a short run, as was the third; but the fourth fairly got away from us, either by springing from tree to tree for a long distance, or else by walking a grape-vine which spanned the creek high up, where it stretched from tree-top to tree top on either side; but how it was done we never knew precisely, and as by this time the sun had got too hot for hunting, we returned tired and hungry to camp, where the negroes had prepared some hot coffee and broiled rashers, to which we did full justice.

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME.—Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence, and throughout the live-long day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature have burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over the household.

A year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would be an appropriate and very useful present to a friend. It will bring joy to the home for the whole year.

Scientific and Useful.

CORK.—An ornamental cork for bottles and decanters, which opens and closes automatically, has been placed on the London market.

CEMENT.—The following will be found a useful cement for repairing glass: Dissolve fine glue in strong acetic acid, to form a thin paste.

A WHEEL BOAT.—A bicycle boat has been invented by a telegraph operator in Seattle, and has been successfully operated on the waters of the harbor there at a speed of nine miles an hour. It is a combination of whaleback boat and bicycle. Described in the simplest way, it is a boat with a bicycle mounted amidships, the power exerted on the pedals being tranrferred to a propeller arrangement at the stern. The rudder is operated by the bicycle hand bar, just as an ordinary bicycle is steered.

A NEW GAME.—A new game has been introduced among bicyclers in Chicago which is one of the most dangerous yet attempted by athletes. It is called royal cycling, and is an attempt at the combination of football and bicycle riding. Nine men are on each side, and a bicycle wheel is used in place of a football. As indoor bicycle races have been very dangerous, and with a lot of riders struggling for the lead on a narrow space are still more so, the game is likely to result in many bruises and possibly broken limbs. The game is neither interesting nor useful, and cannot be too strongly condemned.

A READY REMEDY IN CASES OF POISONING.—It is not as generally known as it ought to be that, if a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, a ready remedy, efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a large teaspoonful of common salt and half as much mustard stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it acts as an emetic, bringing with it the contents of the stomach. And, lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg first, and then a teacupful of strong coffee, be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

Farm and Garden.

ALFALFA.—Alfalfa, under which name the plant long known as Lucerne is becoming popular, is found to be a great blessing to dry regions. It is not only useful as green fodder, but makes excellent hay.

FLOWER-POTS.—The use of a hole in the bottom of a flower pot is not so much to allow the escape of water as it is to permit fresher air to flow in the spaces of the earth when the water leaves it. In the language of gardening, a good soil is one which is perfectly "aerated."

MUTTON.—Upon the ordinary farm four cents will pay the cost of growing mutton a pound. The highest profit seems to be to the credit of the Southdown. Good mutton is made from good food; ensilage is better than dry food, but a mixed ration is best, as it is for all stock. Sheep need a dry stable, although not necessarily a warm one.

CREAM.—Nearly all the cream is contained in the latter half of the milk drawn from the cow. If feeding calves, put the first half drawn in a vessel by itself and save for their use, reserving the rest for the dairy. They will thus have the advantage of fresh, warm milk, while the cost of maintaining them will be materially lessened.

THE STABLE.—From even the cleanest horse stable there is usually a strong odor of ammonia, which will affect the milk if the cows are compelled to continually breathe it. Spare no pains to promote the purity of the surroundings if you wish to make good butter of good keeping qualities. There should at least be free circulation of air between the stalls.

PORK.—Make pork of young pigs, and do not gorge them with sour swill; let them have milk, peas, oats, roots and sweet slops. Let these supplement good clover pasture, and let corn make the bulk of the ration only when feeding off, and the pork will be good at the least possible cost.

IT IS WELL TO GET CLEAR OF A COLD the first week, but it is much better and safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

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On Study.

No question more frequently confronts the friendly adviser of readers than that of study. Thousands who have either had no opportunity of acquiring useful knowledge and the beginnings of culture when young or who neglected, through thoughtlessness or retarded mental development, the opportunities that came in their way are anxiously asking how they can make up for lost time.

"What books can we most profitably read?" they inquire. "How should books be read so as to be thoroughly mastered? How much time can be wisely spent each day in study?" The multiplicity of attractive subjects confuses the thoughtful young reader who wishes to use all his energies effectively. It was not always so.

Professor Bain, in one of his educational essays, calls attention to the compression of Jewish literature in the time of our Lord. It was then no difficult matter for a student to "take all knowledge for his province." Even the literature of Greece in the time of Alexander the Great could have been thoroughly studied by any one who had three or four years of leisure. Now knowledge is divided into departments by the dozen, and each department either has a vast literature or, as in the case of mathematics, has great difficulties compressed into small bulk.

No wonder, then, that the studiously inclined who have lost the advantage of regular guidance from those whose business it is to direct the acquisition of knowledge seek anxiously for hints as to how they can best improve the years during which the power of mental assimilation remains strong. The "Students' Guides" that satisfied our forefathers have all gone out of fashion; they were written before knowledge had been scientifically divided.

One of the useful books that remain to be written is an index outline of human knowledge, with directions for the mastery of any branch. We are always pleased to confer with such of our readers as tell us of their studies. In this essay we propose to deal familiarly with some of the general questions that occur to many who are trying to supplement their school education by later study, and especially those who take up studies in the leisure hours left them by their daily toil.

It is a very common fault, even with those who devote their life to study, to mistake the amount of time that can be spent each day in really effective work. The argument advanced by advocates of an eight-hours' day for manual workers—namely, that the producing power of a man is as great in eight hours as in nine, if he puts his heart into the work—is undoubtedly true of mental labor. Leaving aside cases of abnormal activity and endurance, one may lay it down as a rule that six or seven hours of concentrated application to books is all that can be kept up from day to day, even when it is divided by recreative intervals into several periods.

Long-continued work dulls and confuses the mind and creates habits of partial attention that are fatal to thorough study. Not unfrequently the facts that remain in our minds most naturally and easily are those which are casually acquired. They make a clear-cut fresh impression. Many a man who has not acquired studious habits can study without strain and with full command of all his powers for half an hour, but would become dazed and inert after a longer spell of mental application. The obvious study is to reduce each single stretch of study to the time that can be effectively and pleasantly used. That time will gradually extend as habits of study are formed; and almost any one can eventually give up an hour each day to regular concentrated absorbing study without feeling any strain.

It is to be feared that one of the greatest dangers to which the studious are liable is overtaxing their resources. Ambitious young fellows are constantly suggesting to us that they can prepare for examinations with a rapidity that we are well aware is quite impossible. They may read four, five, and six hours each night, they suggest in their enthusiasm.

The man of ordinary ability cannot possibly assimilate the amount of fresh information which would pass before his eyes during this long daily course of reading, especially when he is laying the foundations of his knowledge and has not yet partitioned off fully the storerooms of the mind.

As to general methods of study, it seems to us that almost the last word has been said on that subject by Bain, though his view is somewhat fanatically stated for so cool and circumspect a writer. To take one good book as a manual is Bain's advice, and make that the groundwork of your study, using other books for purposes of comparison, modification, and expanse, after the one text-book has been thoroughly mastered. So closely would this educationalist adhere, in the first instance, to his chosen guide that he regards foot-notes as distraction. That is an absurd extreme; but the general soundness of the advice to master one book first cannot, we think, be questioned.

Browsing aimlessly from book to book, so as to pick up a general surface acquaintance with a subject, is only a lazy man's dodge for deceiving himself. One ought to earn a right to be a general reader by being a particular reader first. "Ought one to read rapidly through a book so as to understand its general bearings, and then return to master it chapter by chapter, or is it better to complete the study step by step, receiving a first and fresh impression from each chapter?" That is one of the minor questions that has been discussed by Bain.

The advantages and disadvantages are precisely those which attach to consecutive reading of novels or skipping to the end. A certain degree of interest must be destroyed when the newness of the narrative has been worn off, and, in the case of serious study, labor, never easy, becomes harder if the best points in the book have been robbed of their interest, and reading is left as a duty, without any hope of surprise.

What is the difference between careful reading and study? We regard study as including an effort not only to understand and appreciate what is read, but to concentrate information into forms that may be remembered, and so to make it our own, portable, usable. A good deal that is read, even with interest, passes lightly through the mind, slightly modifying opinion here and there, leaving in one place or other a fresh deposit of casual facts, but for the most part having little permanent effect, except where previously-held opinions are denied or confirmed.

Especially is this the case with the rapid and voluminous reader. He only troubles to wash out what seem to him the nuggets from the gold-dust deposits of literature. But study exhausts a book. It should make a complete analysis, and not test only for one or two elements. If study is thus seriously regarded, it is evident that it cannot be loosely pursued. The books that are deserving of study in a fundamental way are those which Bacon said should be "chewed and digested." It has been well said that any book is worth summarizing by the student. There are many reasons in favor of the habitual condensation in the words of the reader of all that he thinks worth remembering.

How can we be aware that we clearly and exactly understand the thoughts of another until we have tried to put those thoughts in our own words? And, if we cannot do it now, when the chapter has just been closed, how shall we do it a week hence, a month hence, or ever? We find out our ignorance best by trying to use our knowledge. Besides, knowledge is more easily impressed upon the mind by sorting and arranging it and by putting it in tabulated forms under the eye than by letting it stream past in pages of unaccentuated print, no matter how alert the attention may be.

The student, too, who summarises his knowledge as he acquires it has by the very act partly learned to use it. Daily study, sufficiently brief to avoid wearisomeness, concentrated upon one object at a time—though relieved and broadened by more general recreative reading, and made firm ground as each fresh lesson is added—will in the end give distinction to any man, if it does not, as Seneca said, cause him to escape the irksomeness of life and long not for the approach of night through being, as some are, tired of the day.

WHEN we suspect a coin to be counterfeit, with what anxiety do we scrutinize it lest we be deceived, and with what indignation do we regard one who knowingly passes it on! But the spoken word has many different values, and we must often be doubtful of its meaning; yet we are content to pass it from one to another, without qualm or criticism. Not until we have a more intelligent training and a severer self-discipline in the selection of our language, and a keener moral sense of our obligation to use it accurately, will the virtue of truthfulness be understood and its far-reaching influence be established.

HAPPINESS is a normal and rightful condition, one which should be expected and valued, and within certain limits sought, for self and others. But it is never the whole of life—only a part, and a part which cannot be exacted. Life contains it; but it also contains a great deal more—work, service, manhood, duty, responsibility.

LIFE is a succession of lessons that must be lived to be understood. All is a riddle, and the key to one riddle is another riddle. The are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another dream.

IT may be put down as a fundamental rule of life that the old saying about never crossing bridges before one gets to them has as much profound philosophy in it as it is possible to put into the same number of words.

THE noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is maternal love—that love which seeks no return.

THE more we know the greater is our thirst for knowledge; and the more we love the more instinctive is our sympathy.

THOSE days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do evil.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

CABINET.—**Strictly speaking, a Conservative** is one who practises husbandry with respect to the growth of the constitution. He prunes, grafts, trains, and cultivates, but always recognizing the value of development. He is not fond of cutting down the trees which do not exactly conform to his own arbitrary notions of expediency. The Radical, on the other hand, is for felling and rooting up all with which he does not agree.

COUNTRY.—**No marriage in Scotland** can be contracted unless one of the contracting parties shall have resided in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage; and proof of this residence is insisted upon in all cases of irregular marriages, before they can be registered, according to the 19 and 20 Vict. ch. 88, "An act for amending the Law of Marriage in Scotland," which was passed to do away with so called run-away matches, and Gretna Green marriages.

C. T.—**The Russian standard is a double-headed eagle**, with a shield as its body, containing the representation of St. George and the Dragon. Russia's man-of-war flag has a blue St. Andrew's cross on a white ground. The Russian Union Jack has a blue St. Andrew's cross and a white St. George cross on a red ground. The Russian merchant vessel carries a tricolor flag, the colors being arranged horizontally, with blue in the middle the red below, and the white above. In the French tricolor they are vertical, with white in the middle, the blue next the staff, and the red outside.

A. C. E.—When the word "limited" is added to the title of a corporate company or private partnership, a legal notice is thereby expressly given that the share-holders or individual partners are not liable for debts or losses incurred beyond the amount of their respective investments. Where there is no such limitation, any single partner incurs a responsibility equal to the whole debts of the concern, and he can seek relief only against his brother investors conjointly or severally. But in the case of a limited liability, no member can in any event be called on to pay more than he expressly guaranteed; thus he knows at the outset the worst than can befall him.

CRAWFORD.—The question of suitable employments, whereby girls and women can contribute towards the support of themselves and those dependent on them, is one of the perplexing problems now in process of solution by earnest thinkers and workers in this country and abroad. They are fully at home in such positions as a clerkship, or in shops, as teacher, dressmaker, seamstress; telegraph clerk, compositor, music-teacher, organist, governess, or companion. Dressmaking, when mastered as an art, gives an independent and comfortable livelihood, requiring no capital, but experience. Such skilled workers are always in demand for private families, and can often make engagements for months ahead.

CORRIE.—**In the sentence, "If he be virtuous, then he will be happy," the word virtuous** is unquestionably an adjective, qualifying the pronoun he. The phrase might be written in this sense, as it actually means, "If he exhibit virtue in his life." Were the word really an adverb, as your teacher insists, then the accepted English idiom would require the sentence to be corrected thus: "If he live virtuously, then he will be happy." It is noticeable at once that the first form will not bear the necessary adverbial termination of ly. An infallible rule in discrimination between adjective and adverbs is, that the former express quality—of a person or object; and the latter indicate manner—of an action. In short adjectives qualify nouns and pronouns, adverbs qualify verbs or other adverbs.

D. T. B.—**The profession of engineering** embraces a very wide range of subjects. Civil engineering relates to design and construction of canals, railroads, roads, docks, lighthouses, sewage, water and gas supply, telegraphs, etc. Mechanical engineering includes machinery, mill-work, steam-engines, iron ship-building, agricultural implements, etc. Mining engineering includes the working and raising of coal, iron, lead, copper, etc., and other minerals; while military engineering relates to details touching warfare. Unless one be willing to be content with a very meagre knowledge of the science and arts of engineering, he should resolve to prepare himself by a thorough course of technical instruction, instead of merely entering a mechanical workshop to attain a very meagre knowledge of its handicraft.

DOUBTFUL.—**Peace is not of mushroom** growth. It cannot be commanded at will. A life of neglect will bring its punishment. We have no faith in sudden resolves and changes of feeling, and can say nothing as to their signification or efficacy. If however the past is seen to have been a mistake, mend the present and the future. The anxiety to which you refer is one of those heart-experiences with which no other person can meddle. We are not disposed to repeat the hackneyed counsel commonly given to such cases. That points to and often engenders a state of feeling which is most grievous and treacherous. The matters of which you speak are solemn realities and the impressions formed of them must be real too. Deal honestly by self, and do not allow mere sentiment to mislead you. Let your comfort be based on solid ground. What do you mean by "accepting repentance"? What merit can there be in turning away from that which is at last detected to be a cheat? At best man is an unprofitable servant; but he never stands confessed so fully as when he finds that he has been deceived by the world and his own heart.

"FORGET THEE, I CAN NEVER!"

BY M. F.

Forget thee, I can never;
My heart beats but for thee;
The path that lies before you
Will not be shared with me.

The present is a dreary road,
The future darker still;
And pride and riches always fail
To make man what we will.

Should we e'en meet again,
As we have met before,
Time, with its varied changes,
Might part us as of yore.

Forget thee, I can never,
Although thou art not mine;
My latest sigh shall breathe for thee
Responsive love to thine.

Generosity.

BY NORA VYNNE.

CHRIS WHELAN came out from the theatre in a state of mental exaltation; the play he had been seeing was tragic and the hero heroic—very heroic, very noble and self-sacrificing. In the auditorium the women had all been crying their complexions off, and the men, who were just as much moved, had had the additional excitement of trying to look as if they were not.

Chris Whelan had not been crying; the play had had a different effect on him; he felt stirred, awakened, exalted, and almost envious. He had felt the grandeur of the story so keenly, that he envied the great actor who had played the hero's part his opportunity of self sacrifice, as intensely as if the sacrifice had been a reality.

Fate had been very kind to Chris Whelan. He was young, strong, and impressively handsome; he was rich, well-born, well-mannered, and thoroughly well-liked; but yet he was not exactly content, because (impossible as it may seem in the nineteenth century) he would have liked to be a hero.

He had tried such means of self-sacrifice as appeared open to him; he had gone in for slumming when it was the rage, but he did not catch a fever, nor lose his life nobly rescuing someone from anything disagreeable; moreover, several of the ladies with whom he worked showed signs of falling in love with him so he gave up slumming as a failure.

He had tried politics, choosing an unpropitious time to attach himself to an unpopular party, but did not find even that successful as a means of self-sacrifice, for his colleagues simply worshipped him, and none of his old friends made the least difference in their behavior towards him.

Some of them indeed were more conspicuously cordial than ever, either because they wished to show that they too were capable of magnanimity, or because they had been rather jealous of his popularity while he had been on their own side, and they were glad to get rid of him.

On this particular night he walked homewards feeling very discontented indeed; the paths of romance and self-abnegation seemed closed against him, he seemed doomed to perpetual enjoyment, which was commonplace and prosaic. He was so wrapped in his own thoughts that he scarcely noticed when some one touched him on the arm.

"Hallo, Davis," he said absently, "where do you come from?"

"I have been to your rooms," said Davis; "they told me there where you were. I tried to wait till you come in, but I got so impatient I couldn't keep still, so I came to meet you."

Whelan was still only half recalled from his own castle-building.

"All right; do you want anything?" he said.

"Yes, I want—generosity."

Davis would rather have said "justice," but some instinctive knowledge of his friend's character told him that he would be much more likely to get what he wanted if he called it by the more attractive name.

To be just is only one's duty, that is why one so seldom does it; but there is something flattering to one's vanity in the mere name of generosity.

Whelan was thoroughly interested now. "You are in some trouble," he said, "and I can help you. Come into the Mall and let me hear."

They walked along slowly in the shadow of the trees, silent at first, but presently Davis began his appeal.

"Chris, old fellow," he said, "we have been friends a long time."

"We have and mean to be, come who may."

Whelan half expected a confession of murder, forgery, or bigamy, or perhaps all three, and was fairly revelling in the thought of how steadfastly he would stand by his friend.

"You are a lucky fellow, Whelan; you are rich, popular, in good society, a favorite with the best sort of women."

"Well, yes," said Whelan. It was all true, and he did not see any deed to deny it. "Well, yes, what then?"

"On the other hand, I am—well, not anything to look at or to talk of—a person of no account whatever. I want you to see clearly how much that is worth having you have, and how little I have. I want you to recognize this and be generous."

"I have not many virtues, Tom," said Whelan warmly, "but I know what true friendship is, and I shall not fail you. Speak without any more preface; what form is this generosity to take?"

"I want you to give up Madge Parry to me."

"Good God!"

Whelan stopped dead short in the middle of a crossing. This sort of sacrifice had never entered his mind. Davis had fairly to drag him out of the track of the cabs that were rattling past; the two sat down on a seat in the shadow of the trees.

"I am asking a good deal, I know," said Davis, "but I am asking it of a man who can afford to give, and, as you said just now, I don't think you will fail me. I have very little in the world; I can't think you would have the heart to take from me the little I have; seeing you have everything you could desire.

"Any woman would fall in love with you, there is only this one in all the world for me. She was on the verge of caring for me when you come upon the scene; she will care for me again if she does not see you any more.

"Let me have this one piece of good luck, Chris—spare it to me out of your affluence. There's Lady Lily Levison, who used to share your Whitechapel wanderings, she'd have you any day, and small wonder, or McNamara's daughter, the beauty, proud as she is, she would be prouder to marry you.

"Among all the women who would be ready to marry you, can't you find someone else, and leave Madge to me? Why, with all your advantages any woman who was not a fool would jump at you."

"You forget one thing," said Whelan slowly; "any woman won't do. I am fond of Madge Parry——No," he went on after a pause, "no, no, Tom, I can't think of it."

But the answer showed Davis that he had been thinking of it.

They sat silent for a moment or two, and then Davis tried again.

"You remember that fellow in the Bible, Chris, that we used to hear about when we were boys. The great man had flocks and herds without number, you know. The poor man had only one little ewe-lamb. You are in the position of the rich man; don't take her from me."

"It's altogether different," said Whelan, whose scriptural knowledge was vague, but practical, since he mixed the allegory with the fact, and between the two made out the case. "It's altogether different; Miss Parry don't belong to you, like the lamb did to the fellow in the story and he was cheated out of it, while no one is acting unfairly towards you. You did introduce me to her, I know, but I did not know you liked her, and, if I had, the trial was as free to me as to you."

"That's all true," said Davis, congratulating himself inwardly on having taken the right line at first. "That's why I ask you for generosity and not for justice. Some men might say, 'I introduced you to the woman I loved, trusting you not to supplant me,' but I don't; I ask you to give up to me, not because I have the best right, but because I have the greatest need.

"I love her as a prosperous man such as you cannot love. She stands instead of everything else to me. She is my riches, my society, my ambition, as well as my love; and what have I to offer? what means have I of winning her love in comparison to you?

"Don't you see how terribly handicapped I should be in a contest with you? What could happen to me but defeat? And I tell you in this matter defeat will be bitterer than death. And it will be hard to bear—such a blow from such a friend, from my friend, too, who is armed so much better than I that I have no chance against him."

"I can't help it, Davis," Whelan said, but he spoke with less energy, "I can't help it. I am sorry it is so. I wish we were better matched, but I don't think I have quite so much the best of it as you seem to think. You have your advantages, too; you are very clever."

He was very clever indeed; for not only had he known what line to take and how to work it effectively, but he knew exactly when to stop.

He heard compunction in his friend's voice, so he kept silence for some time to let it work fully. To do him justice, however, the cleverness was instinctive, not calculated; he was really pleading from the depth of his own feeling.

"At last he spoke again.

"I've said all I can, Whelan. The thing is in your hands. I can't contend against you, as I said. I've put the matter before you as strongly as I can; as to putting it as it is, as I feel it, that's impossible.

Whelan did not answer. He sat looking absently at the clear, silent, frosty sky. The Mall was getting empty now, and the cold, pure night air was quieting and pleasant.

The surprise with which he had listened to his friend's request began to wear off; the feeling of exaltation which had filled him when he left the theatre began to reassert itself.

He remembered how eagerly he had longed for an opportunity of self sacrifice but half an hour ago, and was almost ashamed to see that, now his opportunity had come, it was doubtful whether he would avail himself of it.

He looked across at Davis, and saw his attitude of utter and helpless dejection: he fancied, too, that he saw tears in his eyes, and was profoundly touched. At the moment his friend's pleadings seemed to him full of force and truth. There could be no question which of the two wanted (to use the only available word) Miss Parry most.

Would it not be contemptible to use all his unquestionable advantages against a man who had absolutely no power of competing with him? So easy a victory would be no glory, but to resign a certain victory was true generosity.

After a long pause he spoke.

"You think she will have you, Davis?"

"I am sure of it. If not, you can still try your chance, you know."

"Leave my chance out of the question and try your own, and I wish you success with all my heart, Tom."

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Three month's later the marriage of Miss Parry and Mr. Davis was announced in the papers, and Chris Whelan, who had been keeping himself out of the way through the best part of the season, now felt himself at liberty to return to town.

"You won't mind my looking you up occasionally, I suppose?" he said to Davis; "I shall like to know how you get on."

"Oh, come by all means," Davis said, enthusiastically. "You have a right to see the result of your generosity, and you'll congratulate yourself when you do see it. We are making a success of marriage, Madge and I."

So Chris went. The Davises had nothing of what is usually termed "position," but they had a cozy little place at Tooting, where Chris got into the way of going very often indeed, always sure of a warm welcome from his friend and his friend's wife.

Mrs. Davis, indeed, was particularly gracious and cordial towards her husband's friend, but now and then Chris got a glimpse of something behind her friendly manner that puzzled him. She never seemed to have any hesitation in letting him see how devoted she was to her husband, and how completely happy in her married life.

Sometimes, indeed, it seemed as if she rather went out of her way to impress him with her felicity, for she often positively overwhelmed Davis, in his presence, with demonstrative affection, or sometimes when Whelan and she sat talking, as they often did, all through a long afternoon, growing confidential together, listening to each other's pet theories and day-dreams, speculating upon all those immaterial and mystical themes that are so delightful to discuss just because we never can arrive at any understanding of them, changing in a sentence from sarcasm to solemnity, from tragedy to frivolity, growing earnest over trifles or playing lightly round the edge of immensities—talking, in short, as only people who thoroughly know and like each other can talk—she would suddenly break off and indulge in an utterly commonplace eulogy of her husband.

This would have bored Whelan if it had not puzzled him so, for he had known Davis a good deal longer than she had, and was perfectly familiar with his virtues, and his faults, too.

Mrs. Davis was the most charming and lovable woman he had ever seen, and, of course, she was passionately attached to her ugly, commonplace husband. This was quite as it should be, only why did she so labor to convince him of a fact he never doubted?

So time wore on, and if he began to find that the hours spent in his friend's house were the only hours worth having in his life, the discovery did not disturb him much.

He went at his own risk; Davis was glad to have him, and Madge was absolutely safe in her exaggerated love for her husband. He was satisfied that it should be so, for he had not an evil thought in connection with Mrs. Davis. Indeed, incredible as it may seem, he had probably never had an evil thought in connection with anyone.

Indeed, he took a sort of wretched pleasure in the success of his sacrifice, and as often as he left the friends of his own set to go down to the quiet, cozy little house at Tooting, told himself emphatically that he did not regret it.

Now it happened that while Davis and his wife had been on their honeymoon they had fallen in with an old uncle of Davis' who was a great admirer of pretty women, and he had been so taken with Madge's beauty and brightness that on parting with them he immediately made his will in his nephew's favor, as a recognition of his good sense and cleverness in securing such a charming an amiable woman as his wife.

The old man said nothing about this at the time or afterwards; he probably saw other pretty women, and forgot all about Madge, for he never held out a helping hand to her husband in all the long struggle with poverty which followed their marriage, and took no notice when he was informed that their second child was called after him.

But, if he forgot his fancy for Madge, he also forgot to make any other will, and when at last news of his death reached Davis in London, he found himself the owner of a good deal of railway stock, a fine old country house, several well-let farms, and a coal mine at Glywwych, North Wales.

This, of course, entirely revolutionized the three lives. Davis and his wife had now the means to enter that sort of society which is spelt with a capital "S," and were only doubtful as to whether they should found their claims to admission on his wealth or her beauty, and Whelan found those pleasant impromptu or matter-of-course visits quite out of the question.

Formerly, when Chris had left the fashionable world and gone down for those pleasant quiet hours at Tooting, no one had known or cared anything about it. Now, in the full glare of capital S'ed society, all that was changed.

If he had tried to monopolise the beautiful Mrs. Davis the thing would have immediately become conspicuous and common place—a mere vulgar flirtation, a degradation of his sacrifice.

Whelan and the Davises still saw a great deal of each other, met the same people, went to the same houses, but the Arcadian days were past.

For the first time since his friend's marriage Whelan found himself alone. He had to face the problem of life apart from Madge Davis, and could make nothing of it at all.

At the end of the season Mr. and Mrs. Davis went to Wales, but their departure made very little difference to Chris; the separation of the past months had been so complete.

Presently, however, he received a letter from the Davises asking him to spend a few days with them, to inspect the new house and the farms and the coal mines and the scenery, and to ruralize generally. He went gladly enough, and had a very pleasant time, almost as pleasant as the old days at Tooting.

Davis was full of triumph in his new possessions, but he did not bore his guest with them; he let him off easily as far as mountaineering and farm inspecting were concerned. But on one point he was resolute, Whelan must go down a coal mine.

Whelan agreed, but he was not very enthusiastic about the expedition; so it was postponed time after time until the day before he intended leaving.

At breakfast Mrs. Davis, remembering that Chris had not yet seen the mine, proposed that they should walk down and visit it that morning. Davis agreeing, they lost no time in setting out, but, halfway there, they met the manager, who re-

minded Davis that it was a holiday and the men were not working.

"Dear me, so it is," said Davis. "I had quite forgotten. What is to be done? We can't let you go back without seeing our mine, Whelan."

"We can go all the same, can't we?" asked Madge. "It is the mine we want to see, not the men. I have not been down myself yet, and I want to go so much. You could find us a guide, I suppose, Mr. Wyatt?" (this to the manager)—"and, if you have not any engagement yourself to-day, perhaps you would come with us?"

Mr. Wyatt said he should be most happy, and set off to find a guide, and in due time the party found themselves wandering about in the dark and dirt and bad air, and trying to pretend that they liked it because it was a new sensation.

Mr. Wyatt and the guide had wandered to a little distance. Madge was just asserting vigorously that she would never allow any of the children to come into this dreadful place, and that she wished they were all well out of it themselves, when a sudden ominous sound was heard.

Instinctively they all stood still and waited; there was a loud, dull roar—a shaking, as it seemed, of the very foundations of the earth—a crash, and then the whole roof of that part of the mine near which they stood fell in, and there was dead silence and black darkness.

Davis was the first to speak.

"Nobody need be alarmed if we are all here," he said. "Madge, are you all right? Whelan? That's well. And Wyatt and Derrick?"

Neither Wyatt nor the guide answered; they had been some distance away when the roof fell in, and it was too evident that they were beneath the ruins.

"Well, we are all right," said Davis. "Let us be thankful for that, at least; I don't know much of my own mine yet, but I know we can't be very low down; we must be quite near the surface, in fact, and they know at the house where we are, so we have a good chance of being rescued."

But even while they spoke they heard other explosions, one after another, in different parts of the mine, and presently one in their immediate neighborhood was followed by a rush of hot air, and then by a stream of water which quickly covered the bottom of the little space where they were standing.

"Good heavens, this is serious!" exclaimed Davis; "little as I know, I know what this means. The water keeps coming in and there is no outlet for it. We are in great danger. Madge, where are you?"

Madge struggled through the fast-rising water towards her husband's voice and clung to him desperately.

"Tom, dear," she cried, "you speak of danger—tell me the truth. Do you mean is it death?"

"I am afraid it is."

She gave a little smothered cry and fell back into her husband's arms; she was not a particularly courageous woman, and there was small wonder if she was terribly frightened now. There was a long silence, and then Whelan spoke.

"My God, Davis, can't you say anything to comfort her? To make it seem easier? It's your place to help the poor child to bear it."

"She has fainted," said Davis shortly; "it is best so, she won't feel it so much when the end comes."

"An awful end," said Whelan shuddering, "an awful end for her. It is maddening. If one could only do something to save her, something to help her."

Something in his tone amazed and even interested Davis, in spite of his own horror.

"Why, Whelan," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you care for her still? That you have been going on caring for her all these years?"

"Still?" repeated Whelan. "All this time? Why, of course I do. I should have gone on all my life and hers, however long we had both lived. You have been very happy, Tom, so it is just as well as it is, but if I'd known at the time what it would cost I don't think I could have done it, and if you had known I don't think you would have accepted the sacrifice."

"What sacrifice?"

It was Madge who spoke, starting from her husband's arms and questioning with passionate eagerness.

"What sacrifice? I was not fainting; if I had been I think I should still have heard such words as those. What sacrifice?"

"Never mind now, Madge," said her husband, feeling for her in the dark, "it is all past now. We have only a few moments left to live. Don't let us say anything to disturb them."

Madge flung away his hands angrily.

"What sacrifice? I will know, I will understand, before I die. What sacrifice? Speak, one of you."

"My dear be reasonable," said Davis fretfully, usually "husbandese" for "don't contradict me." "It is a past matter between Whelan and me."

She broke away, and stood apart from both of them.

"It concerns me too," she said. "I know so much already. Mr. Whelan, you know what I heard; finish the story."

"As you will," said Chris. "Tom, I think I have a right to tell her now. It is only that we both loved you, Madge, as you heard just now, but Tom asked me to give you up to him, because he needed you most, and I did so. It was hard to bear at the time—it has been harder since; but as it has turned out so well, I am content."

"Content!" the word rang sharply through the darkness. "Content—yes, we have both been content, when we might have been happy. Oh, why did you do it? Why did you do it?"

She had come close to him now, and seized his arm fiercely.

"Why did you do it? What right had you to sacrifice me that you might be generous? Generous! No, you were selfish and cruel; you trod on my heart that you might rise a step higher in virtue. Was I a stake at cards that you should let your friend win me from mere good-nature? Was I a place in the world that you should step aside and resign me to him? Was I not a heart and soul, a living woman, who surely had a right to a voice in her own disposal?"

"But, Madge," cried Whelan, amazed at her anger, "one word. How could I know? If you had refused Davis——"

"Refused him—can you not understand? You both came to my mother's house, and I thought—I hoped—no matter now what I thought and hoped, for you left me without a word—and it seemed to me that you were fickle and he was true, and that I had been foolish and blind to have believed in you, and to have misprised him. He was ready to love me when you had left me. What wonder if I was touched by his patience, won by his faithfulness?"

"But you seemed so fond of your husband, so happy, that I was almost glad—"

"Seemed!" she cried bitterly. "Was I to let you, who I thought had liked me and tired of me, think that I regretted you? So you were glad of your work, were you? Ah, you are very noble, I know, Chris Whelan, very unselfish, very generous. But your unselfishness has blasted my life. Your generosity has wronged me grievously!"

"Madge!" cried Davis, reproachfully, "have you no feeling for me that you speak so? Have I not been a good husband to you?"

"I can forgive you," she said quietly. "that is all. You have both wronged me, but you less than he."

Before either of the men had time to answer her, another explosion shook the place where they stood, there was a sound of earth and stone falling into the water near them, then the air grew suddenly lighter, and a cool breeze blew in their faces.

Davis gave a cry of relief.

"Look there," he shouted, "we shan't die this time. See, there's an opening up above. We are even nearer to the surface than I thought. Do you see the big boulder that is uncovered now? We can climb up that, and then lift each other up so as to struggle through the opening. We are saved! Courage, Madge! Whelan, for Heaven's sake, stop looking so tragic! Don't you see we are saved, man?"

Whelan's face did not clear.

"Come with me a moment, Davis," he said; "I have something to say to you."

"Speak before me," said Madge, firmly. "Let there be no more private compacts between you."

"Good," said Whelan, quietly. "Your husband says we are saved. Don't you see that only two of us are saved? Who will help up the third?"

"Good heavens!" said Davis, "I never thought of that!"

"Think of it now," said Chris, still speaking quietly.

"You mean, think which?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

Perhaps, in his heart, Whelan felt that it was his friend's turn to be generous. Perhaps he had some hope that Davis might feel the same. If so, he was to be disappointed. A man does not grow in unselfishness by living for years in the enjoyment of the results of a selfish action. A man who will act meanly at five-and-twenty is tolerably likely to act still more meanly at thirty.

"Well," said Davis at length, "the third of us may be saved too. We could bring help."

"Nonsense, the water is rising too fast for there to be any chance of help coming in time. The one who remains here must die."

"Well, you know, Chris," said Davis, with a good deal of shame in his voice, but a good deal of stubbornness, too; "I'm a married man, and I have children; and, now, that I have all this property, I have very heavy responsibilities; and really, you know, whenever one hears of a case like this, it is always the unmarried man who offers to stay. I really think it should be you."

"You think so? Suppose we leave it to your wife to decide?"

Davis hesitated.

"I think that will be hardly fair," he began.

"But I will have it so," said Whelan, sullenly. "If you won't consent, I'll refuse to help you in any case, and we two will drown together; but, if you will let Madge decide, I will abide by her decision. What do you say?"

"I suppose I have no choice," said Davis. "Madge, which of us do you decide for?"

"I will not choose," cried Madge, passionately. "I only wish it could be I who should be left behind. It should be if I had strength to lift one of you and might have my way. Settle the matter between you. You were ready enough to arrange my life to suit yourselves. But I am less hardy; I dare not take such an awful responsibility upon myself. You are mad to think I could."

"But, Madge," said Whelan, gently, "if it is true that we between us spoiled your life, can we do more to atone than offer you this choice now? If we only thought of ourselves then, we want—at least I want—only to do what is best for you now. Choose!"

"I will not! It is cruel to ask it. How can I sentence either of you to death? You are the noblest man I ever knew, but the most blind and cruel. Tom is my husband, we have children, we have lived together all these years, and—and I have grown to love him. But yet—Oh, Chris! Chris! God forgive you your generosity! But for that, I should have loved a much better man!"

Chris drew back.

"Come, Davis," he said, "I've got my answer."

They struggled toward the boulder together, and without much difficulty climbed to the top of it.

Whelan turned to Davis.

"You will go first, I suppose, and help Madge from the top?"

But Davis had some vague suspicion in his mind; if he left those two together he might never see Madge again.

"No, my wife first," he said.

"You'll let me? I am the stronger, you know."

Davis nodded.

"Thanks. Now, Madge."

He took her in his arms to raise her, then paused.

"Good bye," he said. "Good-bye, Madge. I think you have been a little hard on me. I made a great mistake, but I meant well. I can do no more than say I'm sorry, can I? Don't you think you might be a little sorry, too?"

They could see each other plainly now in the bright light that streamed down upon them. A sudden bewildering change rose in Madge's eyes. He looked at her eagerly. What was in her mind? What was rising on her lips? Something that would make life possible even now, or at least make death sweet?

"Madge," he whispered, "Madge, what is it?"

"Hallo! hallo! Is anyone alive down there?"

It was Wyatt's voice, and Wyatt's good-natured, ugly face peering through the opening.

"All there? Ah, that's good! Derrick and I got out all right, so we rushed off and got a ladder; and now, if you'll just move out of the way, I'll let it down, and you can all come out of that ugly hole as you like."

So in about three minutes the tragedy was over, and Whelan will never know to his dying day what it was that Mrs. Davis was going to say to him.

Some three months later, the papers gave a detailed account of the marriage of Lady Lily Levison and Chris Whalen, but the papers said nothing about one little incident that took place. After the ceremony, when Chris had gone through all the manifold promises that a bridegroom makes by order of the prayer-book, he turned to the sweet little woman who had loved him so long and so faithfully, and made another on his own account.

"Lily, darling, I promise you that I will never be generous again as long as I live."

The Flower of the Sea.

BY P. L

THE morning wind had sunk to sleep on its ocean bed, and lifted a little fore topsail schooner rocking on the long, smooth swells, away westward of the coast of Peru.

She was a gay and gallant model of naval beauty. Light as the feathered seagull she rose on the clear, deep wave, showing a long, low, shining black hull, of faultless mold.

The tall, elegant masts stood proudly up, with that graceful rake peculiar to this class of vessels; the polished yards were swung with the nicest accuracy, tapering from the middle with the rounded symmetry of a lady's finger; the spotless canvas hung in airy folds amid the trim, taut rigging, like the floating dress of a fairy queen. The figure head of a dark-haired Moorish girl leaned, in laughing loveliness, from the sharp, rising bow, as if to kiss the glad waters beneath. With one hand she held the wild lily of the Pacific Isles, while the other playfully grasped a scarf, on which was written: "The Flower of the Sea."

A single flag dropped above the narrow stern. As it flapped aside with the rolling of the waves, it revealed the bright blazonry of the Spanish arms.

To one untaught in sea-lore, the vessel might have passed for a peaceful carrier of trade; but a seaman would have remarked that she was built for surpassing swiftness without regard to burden. He would have told you that she was too pretty to be anything else than a smuggler or pirate; such gentry always displaying a more classic taste than their less romantic brethren of the salt water.

His keen eye, too, would have detected the dark mouth of a cannon, known to the craft by the name of "Long Tom," lurking mysteriously under a heap of canvas and coiled rope just aft the foremast.

All doubts as to her character were put to rest by the motley crew of whiskered desperadoes that covered the deck. Some slept, half naked, in the hot sun; some were gambling and quarreling, and others, with the spice of poetic feeling not uncommon to the cloth, were leaning over the side to watch the frolicsome porpoise splashing on the sunny sea.

It seemed from the confusion of tongues that the mob of every nation had met together and sent each an envoy to this "Assembly of Free Agency." Among them especially were to be seen the dark-eyed Mexican, and the brawny, scowling mulatto.

Such was the pirate. The wars of Spain and her American colonies had given a new and dangerous impulse to lawless adventure. The "profession" of piracy rose to a fatal rank, and among the rest, the Flower of the Sea became known as the scourge of the wave. Her name carried terror far among the islands and the very ports of the Pacific.

Swift and daring, she set capture at defiance, and laughed at pursuit. Many a boastful cruiser had felt her prowess in the running fight before she left him, "hull down" astern. Many an honest mariner had espied, at dusk, a speck of a sail prowling on the red edge of the horrison, and ere the evening star had set, with a blaze and a hurrah, the pirate was upon him.

Beneath an awning on the quarterdeck reclined a fierce man, under the common height, but of powerful frame. Full, white trousers, girded smooth and close around the waist with a crimson belt, scarcely hid the outline of leg too large to be called handsome. A pair of morocco slippers completed his dress, leaving bare a broad, shaggy chest and muscular arms of herculean size. Two large pistols and a long, glittering knife, which weapons he had laid aside, were stuck into his belt. His face, almost covered with whiskers and mustache of enormous size, was terrible as the storm of the desert.

An eye that would scare a mariner's ghost back to his sheetless gibbet, glared intensely under a bushy mass of hair that overhung his brows.

Such was Benito, the pirate chief. He

commenced his career of villainy in early youth, by murdering an aged and only relative in Jamaica, his native land. He fled and became a free-booter. Growing more daring and desperate as blood thickened on his hands, he now acknowledged no superior in crime but his great master, the devil, and was heard in his drunken revelry to vow a hard fight for empire with that potentate on the sulphurous Styx.

Feared and hated by his gang, the tenure of his authority was the sabre's point; yet he maintained his away by that consummate boldness and cunning with which men of his rank and calling never want. The glance of the chief darted restlessly from time to time among his tameless crew, and then like a panther in ambush, traveled keenly around the horizon.

High amid the angry oaths of a knot of gamblers at the forecastle arose the gruff voice of Antonio, a gigantic mulatto, of a most villainous aspect.

Inferior to none but Benito in piratical accomplishments, he was acknowledged second in power, and no one dared to dispute his claim.

Opposite him sat a wild-looking, long-haired youth, of slender frame. His features were once singularly handsome, but a companionship of vice and his own untamed passions had lent him the reckless bearing of the outlaw.

His losses were rapid and heavy. With an impatient curse, he threw down his last stake; the cards were played, and the mulatto won and swept the gold into his pocket with a fiend's laugh.

"Antonio, you are a base cheat," muttered the youth, grinding his teeth in passion.

"I a cheat!" returned Antonio, rising wrathfully. "Look you, Adam Heller, when a man calls me so—a man, mind you—this is my answer," touching the handle of his knife; "but when a cross boy, I correct him as would his mother, thus," and with his open hand he sent the youth reeling backward.

With a scream like the wild-cat in her rage, the young man flashed his knife in the sun and bounded at his huge antagonist. In an instant his uplifted arm was stilled, and his naked throat clutched in the vice-like grasp of Antonio.

"Die, like a puppy, as you are, unworthy of bullet or steel," growled the ruthless negro, and he laughed hideously at the starting eyes and hanging tongue of the gasping Adam.

The crew rushed toward them, and Antonio, bent on the death of his victim, stepped back.

The strangling boy, in his last throes, tripped his foot dexterously as he retreated. Antonio loosed his hold and caught vainly at the shrouds; wildly, triumphantly, did Adam send home his knife in rapid succession, and, ere the mulatto fell, his heart's blood was smoking on the deck.

The maniac yell of the victor was followed by the curse, the death rattle of the fallen.

"Hell and furies!" thundered Benito, throwing aside the crown; "who dares my authority on this deck?—who has done this deed?"

"I!" said the youth, holding up his reeking blade. "I, Adam Keller, sent the devil to his home!"

"Then after him, with this message from me!" and Benito's pistol glittered at his head.

"He is right!" muttered twenty voices, and as many knives started from their sheaths.

As the crippled serpent in his angry pain, so did Benito turn on his rebellious gang. His eyes flashed fierce as the lightning's blaze on eyes as fierce as his. Mad with rage, yet fully aware of the spirits over whom he held his wavering ascendency, the wily chief searched for an instant the dark faces around.

"Is there a man," said he, with lofty vehemence, "who has joined this daring mutiny, that will say when your chief has forgot his duty? When has the sweeping storm burst over us that I guided not the helm? When has the lightning lit up the midnight surge that I trembled at its glances? When has the fight dyed the sea with blood that my sabre was not there? And who was at my side in all this? There he lies—the murdered Antonio! Who so fearlessly sprang aloft when the howling hurricane rent the fluttering canvas? Who so true to cripple the flying prize? Who was before him to leap on the streaming deck? Who, when the kneeling coward prayed for his trembling life, so quick to stop his tongue as Antonio? 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

A murmur of approbation was heard. Benito eyed Adam with hellish joy.

"And who," continued he, "is his murderer? A stray cur that swam off to us with a rope around his neck. A weak fool, who sleeps on his watch, and starts and mutters of his father and his home; whose woman's tongue preached pity to men like you when your knives were cutting the way to victory. He has basely killed your brave companion, whose life was worth a hundred such as his! What says our law? 'Life for life; blood for blood.'"

The stern words of the law were repeated by all in a tone that silenced mercy.

Adam heard his doom with scorn.

"Coward as I have been called," said he, haughtily, "I will not ask dogs for a life worth less than this dead jackal," spurning the huge corpse of Antonio. "I ask for death, but let it be on the deck of the enemy."

"The law—the law! Blood for blood!" interrupted Benito.

The ominous sentence was whispered again, like the hollow threat of the midnight wind.

A shudder thrilled the frame of the doomed; for an instant in that dread moment his eyes sought the bright still sky. One bitter tear stole down and trembled on his lip. He thought of his far away home, his childhood song, his mother's smile. But again defiance mantled on his brow; dark and fearless he looked on the seekers of his blood.

"I must die; but ere I go I'll hurl the lie back to the teeth of the damned one who spoke it," he said, bending a hateful glance on the chief. "It becomes him well to call me cur and coward, who grew and fattened on his kindred's blood."

"Fool! Do you beard me here?" cried the furious Benito, flashing a pistol in the face of the youth.

The excited crew closed between them, when Adam drew his bloodstained knife and sprang up the mainmast.

"Whoever follows," shouted he, "shall leap with me from the masthead."

The fearful brawl was arrested by the hurried cry of, "A sail—a sail on the larboard bow."

In an instant all was bustle. Away to west a dark streak on the sea marked the coming wind. Just within its edge a large brig was seen bearing due south, under full sail.

"She will escape us by this cursed calm," growled Benito. "What colors?"

"American," cried the lookout.

"A prize; but not for us."

The dead Antonio was hastily thrown overboard, with a shot fastened to his feet, and his blood carefully washed off the deck.

It was no time to resume the quarrel, and Adam remained sullen and unmolested.

Benito strode the deck impatiently, watching the distant sail, like the shark when he sees his prey sporting in the shoal water.

"Ha!" said he, stopping short; "perhaps they have Christian charity. Up with a signal of distress! Down below all, and be ready!"

The orders were promptly obeyed. True to the appeal of humanity, the devoted brig wore round and steered directly for the pirate. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The brig held her course for half an hour, when suddenly there was confusion on board. She hauled off and crowded on all sail.

With a stamp of rage the chief ordered his men on deck. The dreaded black flag was run up, and the long gun cleared away for the chase. Presently the approaching wind played and whirled capriciously on the billows. The first light puff awoke the sleeping sails, and the pirate schooner slipped noiselessly along.

As the young breeze grew into a steady wind, the cursed black banner unwrapped its gloomy fold and streamed afee.

The foam parted wide from the bow, and it was soon evident that she gained rapidly on the brig.

"Give them the hot iron!" shouted the chief. "But where is Antonio? Where is your gunner now? Shall his murderer escape?"

Curses deep and angry were heard, and many vengeful looks were fastened on the condemned youth, perched in the rigging. The politic Benito stepped forward to try his skill. He sighted carefully along the piece as the schooner yawed, and gave the order to fire.

The light craft trembled under the bellowing discharge, but the brig kept on unarmed. A broadside of oaths followed the discharge of the gun. After a hot chase of an hour, the figure of a man was distinctly seen at the helm of the flying vessel. He stood fearless and alone.

Again the long gun blazed away. As the smoke swept away, the pirates shouted to see the foretopmast falling to the leeward. A few more rapid and well-aimed shots and the ill fated brig was crippled and unmanageable. The pirate hove to within pistol shot.

The boats were immediately lowered, and instantly filled with whooping wretches. Into the foremost sprang Benito. He stood eagerly in the bow, with a pistol cocked in one hand and a heavy sabre in the other.

With a howl like hungry wolves they pulled for the prize. A silence, dread as the famished lion before he wakes, reigned aboard her.

A small crew stood around their captain on the quarterdeck; a single swivel, a few old muskets, and a sabre or two, with the usual sailor-knife, were their only arms.

A powerful emotion agitated their leader; he trembled, but it was not the coward's quail. His face was deadly pale, but fear blanched it not. His words quivered through bloodless lips, but they breathed not of terror or dismay.

It was the energy of a dauntless soul mastering its physical tenant. He looked on his faithful crew with thoughts that pen cannot portray.

"My men," said he, in a low and anxious tone, "we may soon be at anchor in a foreign port; but before we set sail, if any man has aught to say of me, let him speak his mind. When my poor wild son left poor fond father to go I know not where, my vessel became my home. I have tried to do my duty as an honest skipper should. I love you all, would die for you."

"We love you; will die for you," burst from the affected tars.

"My gallant boys, I thank you; fight while the last plank holds together; remember your wives and sweethearts; I am good for a dozen of the villains!"

One full, bold cheer was the answer.

"Take the foremost boat—fire!" shouted the master of the brig, discharging his musket, which was followed by a sheet of flame from the swivel and small arms of the men. The effect was terrible; a yell of agony arose. Benito tumbled heavily over the bow. The shattered boat filled and went down, leaving a dense mass of dead, wounded and cursing pirates on the bloody wave. But before the brave crew could reload, the other boat was alongside the brig, and a third was putting off from the schooner. The pirates poured on deck; their wild cries and horrid blasphemies rent the air, but not less terrific was the appealing hurrah of the impetuous captain, as he whirled the sabre over his head.

"Fight for your lives, your skipper and your craft. We are one to ten, my brave boys, but I am good for a dozen!" For a moment the pirates hesitated. It was a thrilling pause. It was dreadful to war against hope, but the struggle is more terrible. Another band leaped on board, and the fight closed like the meeting of whirlwinds. Then came the hot strife of life and the clash of arms and death in its fiercest shape; the scream, the gasp, the death hug, the jetting blood, the heavy fall, and the last groan. The sailors fought with the fierceness of revenge and the recklessness of despair. Many a foul pirate gasped his last curse on the dear-bought prize. But no courage could withstand the overwhelming numbers of the buccaneers. One by one, a deep plunge told that a son of the sea was sinking in his ocean grave. The pirates were masters of the brig. The intrepid captain alone remained, yet still his sabre whirled its circle of death; still the stirring thunder of his voice cheered his men to victory. He looked around and they were gone. A few scalding tears traveled with funeral pace over his sunburned cheek.

"All gone but me? My poor boys!" said he, sorrowfully; "and yet you did your duty, and the Great Skipper that sails aloft won't forget you when all hands are called on deck to report their watch." Faint and wounded, he cut his way to the cabin.

"Take him alive! Take him alive! He shall die by inches," shouted a husky voice, which the pirates recognized as Benito's.

After a sanguinary struggle the heroic captain was taken and bound. The brig was plundered and set on fire.

The pirates, with their prisoner and booty, put off for their schooner, heedless of the imploring cries of their wounded comrades on the burning prize. In a few minutes more the Flower of the Sea fell obediently to the wind. The ill fated prisoner was dragged before the chief on the quarter deck. With a gnash of rage, Benito thrust a pistol into the very eye of the unfortunate captain, and fired. At the instant a long, shrill, unearthly scream of "Blood for blood!" pierced the air aloft. The affrighted pirates glanced wildly upward, when the whirling, whizzing body of the forgotten Adam fell on the upturned face of Benito, snapping his neck and crushing him to the deck a hideous corpse.

"My father—oh, my father!" shrieked the expiring Adam, writhing and crawling to the murdered captain. But his brave soul had gone. He knew not the infamy of his son. The pirates stood appalled. The bodies of the father and son were dropped overboard together. The dead Benito followed, another commanded in his stead, and the Flower of the Sea sailed on.

A year's subscription to the "Saturday Evening Post" would be an appropriate and very useful present to a friend. It will bring joy to the home for the whole year.

At Home and Abroad.

Kalamazoo and Muskegon merchants are using silver dollars for advertising purposes. They are not giving away the dollars, but are using them as bill-boards. They paste labels on the big silver cart-wheels reading: "Take me back to Bank's store and get one dollar and five cents' worth of groceries for me." Citizens are complaining that the labels come off and stick to their pockets, and that the gum makes the money unpleasant to handle.

A lady who is making a big success of farming on a large and varied scale is one of the principal exhibitors in the agricultural sections at the Atlanta Exposition. She is Miss Annie Dennis, of Talbotton, Ga., and is about 25 years old. She has a fine estate of about a thousand acres, on which she has a stock farm, a dairy, an extensive piggery, a vineyard and a canning and preserving establishment. She personally directs the work on the estate, and has made a notable success in every branch.

People afflicted with shaking palsy are greatly relieved by traveling long journeys in fast trains. The greater the oscillation the better they are. Dr. Charcot, noticing this, has had a chair made to which a rapid side-to-side movement is given by electricity. The effect is to give a healthy man nausea, but a palsied patient enjoys it, and after a quarter of an hour in it is a different man. He stretches his limbs, loses fatigue, and enjoys a good night's rest afterward.

An old man in England was sent to prison for four months for petty stealing, whose record, the judge who sentenced him said, "is one of the most awful pieces of reading that has ever come to my notice." In 1863 he was sent to jail for three years for stealing two tame rabbits; he then got seven years for stealing five shillings and a shawl; then ten years, with seven years' police supervision, for stealing three ducks, and finally, consecutive sentences of five years each on three charges of stealing a coat, a pair of reins and a shovel, with another seven years' police supervision. In all, 35 years of penal servitude for six thefts of objects whose value amounted to a few dollars.

The most interesting bicycle event of recent make is the motor cycle. If this proves successful, it will, practically speaking, be one of the most remarkable vehicles for travel that has yet been known in this or in any other country. The pneumatic tires are very much larger than those of any other bicycle, the idea being to furnish a cushion that will not be affected by any unevenness, even large ones, in the road over which the rider travels. Attached to the rear wheel is a mechanism which develops the power to send the wheel forward by means of a small, two cylinder naphtha engine of about two horse power, which weighs 12 pounds. This bicycle, it is said, will go at the rate of from 25 to 30 miles an hour.

The Paris "Figaro" regrets that American summer tourists lately are evincing a preference for London. The "Figaro" estimates the number who went to Europe last summer at from 150,000 to 200,000. Of these, the "Figaro" finds that very few stayed for any length of time in Paris, but that most of them, after a few weeks, went back to London. Since the new hotels have been built in London of last years, Americans find themselves very comfortable there, and inasmuch as they can speak the language, it is more agreeable for them than in Paris. The "Figaro" speaks of this with a tender melancholy, and says that "it is regrettable." It states that each American tourist last year spent on the average, 5000 francs, or $1 000. If 150,000 of them spent only $500 that would make 375,000,000 francs. The "Figaro" thinks that Paris is not getting its due share.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Our Young Folks.

THE WITCH'S DOG.

BY S. U. W.

"SIT up, sir!" said the witch.

Growler sat up, with his paws hanging in front of him.

"Now," said the witch, "whatever are you always moaning and groaning, and howling and growling about?"

Growler was a very valuable—that means a very ugly—bull dog. He was only just grown up, and the old woman had taken care of him since he was a poor stray, little puppy.

He answered her question, still sitting up, by rolling his goggle eyes with a longing look at the door, lifting his big black nose in the air, and opening his mouth crooked with a howl.

"Ah!" said the old woman with the red cloak and the steeple hat; "it is the way of the world. I have done all I can for you, and you will not stay with me, to guard my little house when I am out. You do not know when you are well off. Go away then, and see if you can be contented anywhere else. Here is a bone."

At this point of the witch's lecture the bull dog, sitting up, became excited and began to jump. But the old woman kept him waiting, while she took her spindle and scratched his name on the bone—"Gr-o-w-l-e-r."

"There!" she said. "If you grumble more than three times the same day, you will lose it. And three times a day, while you have it, you can get what you wish for. Here!"

He caught it in his mouth and ran away out of the house, without even wagging his tail to say "Thank you."

When his old home was far away, he put down the bone. At once he began to grumble. "There is nothing on it. I was always an ill-used, unhappy dog. I wish I belonged to a butcher's shop; there would be something on the bones then, and nothing to grumble over."

No sooner had he thought of it, than he had his wish. He and his enchanted bone were on a floor strewn with sawdust. The butcher in his blue apron was sharpening his knife, and Growler had never thought there was so much meat in the world as he saw hanging all round. He had his wish, and he should have been satisfied.

But three beautiful slender dogs were being led past by a servant man. They had such slender waists that they looked as if they would easily come in two, and nothing could have been more elegant than the length of their noses.

Growler forgot the meat. "I was always unhappy and ill-used," he said. "I cannot bear to be a vulgar butcher's dog. I should like to live as those dogs do, and to have a servant man to wait on me."

No sooner said than done. He found himself, with his bone in his mouth, at the home of the three aristocratic dogs with the long noses.

There was no difference between his lodging and theirs, except that he was at one side of the barrier in the stable and they were at the other. He had excellent food—under which he hid the enchanted bone.

But when the three friends looked over the barrier at the new comer, they saw at once that he was discontented; and he was whining and growling at such a rate that they pitied him, and asked what was the matter.

"I am not at all beautiful," said the bull-dog, nearly crying. "I heard the remarks of the girls when they looked in, before they went out riding. All of you other dogs, and all the horses, have lovely long noses, and I have never had any worth mentioning. Oh! I wish I had a slender, elegant figure with a beautiful long nose."

Now, this was his third grumble for that day, and Growler had forgotten that if he grumbled more than three times in one day he was to lose the enchanted bone. The moment after his wish, he had changed from a fine strong bull-dog into one of those "curs of low degree," to which no dog fancier can give give a name.

He was certainly slim, and he had the shape of head he had wished for; but he was no longer of any value. Even the stable cat could not help laughing to see him. She was sitting high up, all black, in a dark corner, looking down with her shining green eyes.

"Now that I am so beautiful," said Growler, after looking at his face in a pail of water, "the stable is no place for me. I have always been unhappy and badly used. I ought to be in the drawing-room."

It was enough to make a cat laugh to hear him. And when he went away out of the stable, Darkie with the green eyes came down, and found the bone under the straw.

"There is nothing on it, but the smell of it is good," she said. "I would be quite content even with the smell of a dry bone, if somebody in the world cared for me and if I had a little corner by a cosy hearth!"

Now, when Growler made his way into the house and into the drawing-room, the servant man was called, and turned him out as an impudent stray cur. And he went wandering back to the stable, but the door was fastened then.

"Ah! how happy I was," he said, "when I was in there with a warm straw bed, and with good friends."

Then he strayed hungry to the butcher's shop in the town.

"Ah! how nice it must be to be a butcher's dog!" he said. But they did not know him, and they turned the ugly cur away.

At last, starving and footsore, he reached the woods, and saw the light in the old woman's hut and crept to the door.

"If I must die," he said, "I will lie down and die here. Because I was once very happy here, and I did not know it."

So poor old Growler, who had gone farther and fared worse, came back to the witch's door to die.

He heard the noise of her spinning wheel inside, and her voice croaking in an effort to sing at her work.

Poor old Growler heard them all making the most contented noise inside together—the old woman and the cat, and the kettle and the spinning-wheel.

"Ah! I never know when I was well off. I wish I could get in again, just for five minutes before I die," he whined. And it was such a melancholy whine that the witch knew the voice at once, and jumped up from her spinning-wheel and opened the door.

"No, no," she said, "you are not Growler. Well, well, I never thought there was another dog in the world that could make such miserable noises as that discontented dog of mine."

It looked very cosy in the witch's house—the bright fire and clean hearth, the table ready for tea, and Darkie, the stable cat, sitting on the hearthrug as much at home as if he had been there for a year. On the hearthrug, near the black cat, the enchanted bone was lying.

The witch gave food to the hungry dog; but she closed the door, for she did not know him. He went away with his crooked tail hanging down, and the next day in the town he was adopted by a blind man, who gave him food and trained him to a useful and patient life.

Very often he led this man to the woods; for he thought he owned that blind man, and led him where he chose. Then they would visit at the hut, where the black cat and the witch received them with smiles and purrs. But never was the enchanted bone lying about. It was gone for ever.

The black cat, being of a contented nature and purring easily, was happy ever after, having found a witch to live with. The witch felt that her house was furnished, now that she had a cat of the right color.

The blind man said, "I am well provided for; it is not everyone like me that has so very handsome a dog."

And Growler, who had learned at last to give up grumbling, said many a time to himself—

"It is not every dog that owns a man and takes him out every day. I am, after all, as fine as any dog in town; my master, the blind man, knows how everyone stops to look after me. Oh! I am a lucky dog, and he is a most intelligent man!"

WHITE ANTS.—The pyramids of the white ants are a characteristic feature of the African landscape. The builders of these structures are not ants, but belong to the smaller family of the termites.

There is scarcely an insect so thoroughly hated by man as the termites, and the hatred is fully justified. They gnaw everything: the balconies and the posts of the houses, tables, chairs; wardrobes, books, cloth, leather—in fact, little comes amiss to them except iron.

The evidences of the destructive labors of the termites are to be seen on every side; but the creatures themselves are rarely seen. They steal sneakingly to their labors.

They are blind, with the exception of the king and queen, and all [illegible] except the soldier caste, which constitutes about one or two per cent. of the population.

To escape starvation they must leave their subterranean homes or pyramids in search of dead wood, and, because of their blindness, they render themselves invisible as the best mode of defence.

By means of small passages, constructed with infinite labor, and guarded by the soldier termites from hostile insects, they reach the timber to be operated upon.

These tubular passages are about the diameter of a small gas pipe, and are frequently carried in a zigzag course by the termites up the trunk of a tree in their search for a dry branch. One may travel for hours and not find a single tree with out one of these passages.

AMUSING PICTURE ALBUMS.—Fashion plates may be utilized in a very amusing way. Select suitable figures, cut them out, arrange them singly or in groups, with photographic heads of friends or celebrated people where the head of the original was, and you have a most amusing page before you.

If you possess some artistic skill, a bit of scenery may be sketched in with color, shadows added, and the picture is complete. Some of the French plates are the most effective.

A friend's face may be fitted into a becoming hat or bonnet, and the face colored to make the whole complete. This is quickly done by mixing a little liquid gum with the color, or putting in, delicately tinting the cheeks brightly, while still wet. Sweet faces of old friends, frightful in the old-fashioned and ugly garments, are cleverly rejuvented in these French toilets, and then rephotographed. The centre of a screen was cleverly arranged from these plates with photographic faces.

It consisted of a group of friends, male and female, arranged as if sitting in an opera box, and was made with a gold background, which produced a very beautiful effect, as it throws up the bright colors of the dresses and resembles oiled panelling.

Groups formed of children in the extravagent but picturesque costumes of those plates, but with the faces of the children of our love, are as if they had been touched with a magic wand, and turned into the queens and princes of fairy land. The diversion of arranging the groups and selecting the costumes from such an embarrassment of pretty things as the French plates offer, is thoroughly appreciated by an invalid or sick child, to whom amusement and occupation are of more worth than all the physic that Macbeth thought fit to only throw to dogs.

DANGEROUS PRECOCITY.—Frequently I was sent to bed several hours too late, with nerves unnaturally stimulated. The consequence was a premature development of the brain, that made me a "youthful prodigy" by day, and by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism, which at the time prevented the harmonious development of my bodily powers and checked my growth, while later they induced continual headache, weakness, and nervous affections of all kinds.

As those again reacted on the brain, giving undue force to every thought and every feeling, there was finally produced a state of being too active and too intense, which wasted my constitution, and will bring me—even although I have learned to understand and regulate my now morbid temperament—to a premature grave.

J. P. W.

A WARM HEART.—No reason however clear, no thought however deep, no judgment however sound, can compensate for the absence of a warm heart and sympathetic feelings. It is sometimes argued by unsympathetic people that such emotions are only in the way when calmness and firmness are called for; that they weaken the will, blind the judgment, and shake the nerves so as seriously to interfere with the actual performance of the right thing in the right way. They cite as examples those who are completely governed by their feelings, who are carried away by excitement, and who are deficient in the powers of reason and foresight. But this is certainly no fair test. It is only when both are combined in harmonious proportions that the true value of either can be realized.

As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so do trifling things show a person's character.

Dandruff is an exudation from the pores of the skin that spreads and dries, forming scruf and causing the hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer cures it.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Pasadena, Cal., is to have a tournament of roses next New Year's Day.

Burmese children of both sexes begin to smoke almost as soon as they can speak.

Spain admits the loss of 22,000 men in Cuba since the beginning of the rebellion.

William Ford has just won a wager of $500 by walking from Vancouver's Island to New York.

Of the 13,176 miles of street railway in the United States, only 1950 are still operated by horse power.

There are at present in China only 1022 citizens of the United States, nearly half of whom are women; 866 are missionaries.

Abe Botts, of Goodland, Kan., has only four toes on each foot, but, as his new baby has six, the family average is all right.

A New York Justice has decided that it is lawful to sell cooked food upon Sunday, the Blue Laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is but one factory in Japan where leather shoes are made. The natives, except about the court, wear sandals of straw or wood.

The Maine Central Railroad recently received a sum of money from a conscience-stricken sinner, who had ridden without paying his fare.

Corn is being used as fuel in Central Iowa, the farmers claiming that the prevailing price would not repay the cost of husking and marketing.

A Chesterville, Me., couple recently celebrated their golden wedding in the very house into which they moved on their wedding day, 50 years before.

For hiring a negro to kill his wife, in order that he might marry another woman, Lee Hawthorne, of Augusta, Miss., was sentenced to death with the assassin.

An enormous flight of carrier pigeons was recently held in Paris, sixty thousand birds having been set loose in one morning from the neighborhood of the Eiffel Tower.

It is said that in the city of Warsaw there are 31,000 persons belonging to the hereditary nobility and 9000 nobles who became such by personal service to their country.

There is a movement on foot for the establishment of industrial schools for the training and education of the Russian convicts' children in the penal settlements of Siberia.

The Paris jeweler Satis, who was recently charged with replacing with paste the jewels of Mme. de Rute, which had been temporarily entrusted to him, has been sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment.

One of the inmates of the poor-house in Cleveland, O., has a mania for inhaling the fumes of gasoline, which produce a species of intoxication. He is constantly in the habit of making raids on the lamps of the institution.

An experiment is to be tried this winter in the streets of Paris in providing warmth and shelter for the poor. In all but the richer quarters there are to be awnings, under which enormous braziers will be kept constantly burning.

A Jackson, Mich., glue factory is paying from 75 cents to $2 50 per carcass for horses. A tannery in Massachusetts has contracted to take all the hides. Old horses are going there at the rate of 100 a week from an area of 50 miles.

General Longstreet, the Confederate leader, whose patriotic utterances at the Chickamauga dedication brought him into enviable prominence, is keeping a hotel at Gainesville, Ga. He says the business is less exciting than war, but vastly safer.

The shoemaker of Brockton, Mass., who started out to make a pair of shoes for each Governor in the United States, has been obliged to stop work on account of illness. The autograph letters have already been received from Governors who have been the recipient of his unique gift.

A noted college foot ball player recently sent an order to a press clippings bureau for all newspaper references to himself. The charge for the clippings was 5 cents apiece. At the end of two weeks the famous youth countermanded his order in a note, stating that he had no idea of the extent of his fame, and had discovered that his glory exceeded his income.

In the Calumet and Hecla copper mine are over 70 miles of drifts in which one can walk for days without visiting all of the many places underground. There is a vein which has been worked for two miles on its trend, and at some of the shafts the 85th level has been reached, these levels being generally 10 feet apart, or "thick," as generally described. Aside from the drift there are twelve shafts in the lode.

An old-time cart of a kind that is now very rare, even in the remoter Southerner districts, was driven into the market place at Lynchburg the other day. It was home-made, of course. The wheels were solid blocks of wood, shaped round or nearly so. The body of the cart was four feet high. A diminutive red steer was pulling the wagon, a wizened old darky was driving it, and it contained the darky's little crop of tobacco.

HIDDEN LOVE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Day by day I see her,
Unseen, I walk by her side;
Unseen, with her I wander,
And in her life abide.

When my days of life are ended,
And into silence I go,
Dying, I'll ask for nothing
And she will never know.

ANCIENT CHINA.

In early times, as far back even as 2000 B. C., we find that science in China had reached a fairly advanced stage. The Chinese possessed undoubtedly a great knowledge of astronomy; inscriptions have been found which prove this. In the "Chou-King," a book of records, we read that Emperor Yao, who reigned 2357 B. C., did much to advance the study of this science.

He ordered his astronomers to observe the movements of the sun, moon and stars, and showed them how to find out the commencement of the four seasons by means of certain stars. We read also that he told them that a year consisted of a little less than 366 days, and as he divided the year into lunar months, he taught them the years in which the additional lunar month ought to be included.

It is also known that the Chinese had the annual calendar, that they observed the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and were able to calculate eclipses and knew the difference between the equator and the ecliptic. It is quite probable that the ecliptic was not known of before the Mussulmans occupied the mathematical tribunal, which they held for three centuries.

Astronomy has always been closely connected with astrology. By means of astronomy the time was ascertained for the numerous public ceremonies recorded in the imperial calendar; it likewise regulated the affairs of the Government. But the calendar has long since ceased to be used for this latter purpose, and the majority of the Chinese population merely look upon it as a means of continuing the mysterious ceremonies and oracles connected with the different positions of the planets.

It is ordered in the "Collection of the Laws" that at each eclipse ceremonies should be gone through to deliver the eclipsed sun or moon. At this time, therefore, an alarm is sounded on the drums, the mandarins arrive armed, utter many objurgations, and thus deliver the endangered bodies.

In the seventeenth century certain Jesuit missionaries arrived in China. On seeing the low state into which the Mathematical Tribunal had fallen, they offered to help it. They found an observatory containing many instruments, which shows plainly that this branch of science had at one time reached an advanced stage. The decay of science is not to be wondered at when we remember that twenty-two dynasties were brought on the throne by actual revolutions. Nor is this decay confined to astronomy. According to the ancient books and traditions, we find that various branches of science had reached a high degree of culture.

The Emperor Kang-hi, who reigned in the seventeenth century, had a great love of study himself, and endeavored to advance the general education in China. The Jesuit missionaries instructed him in geometry and physics. He translated some text-books into Chinese.

The Chinese have generally been credited with the invention of gunpowder. A certain document has been found, however, by Archimandrite Palladius, a Russian sinologue, stating that in the ninth century a Persian regiment, under the Chinese sovereign, made known a material similar to wild fire, which was afterwards used for fireworks.

Apparently, chemistry has never been studied, unless by a certain sect, the Tao-tse, who spent all their time endeavoring to discover the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life.

The Chinese have not a great knowledge of geology. The mines have been worked without any machinery, and are not very deep, therefore fire-damp has rarely been the cause of destruction. Coal was extracted at as early time as 200 B. C. in the dynasty of Han. Although the mode of extraction was very primitive, enough was obtained to satisfy all wants.

Research work has not been carried far in natural science. In zoology their classifications are quite wrong. The drawings in zoological and botanical books can often scarcely be recognized. Their most ancient work on botany dates from 2700 B. C., and is a treatise written by the Emperor Shen-nung; it is merely enumerative.

Another work, the "Rh-ya," dates from 1200 B. C., and shows signs of progress. The "Pent-tsao," an encyclopedia, is, according to M. Bretschneider, of little value.

This Russian investigator speaks of the Chinese as follows: "It is an undeniable fact that the Chinese do not know how to observe, and have no regard for truth; their style is negligent, full of ambiguities and contradictions teeming with marvellous and childish digressions."

However, in a more recent communication, M. Bretschneider retracts his words, and says that it is more that the Chinese will not observe, than that they cannot, for Lichi-Tchen, author of several interesting pamphlets, brings forward many facts concerning cultivated plants.

With regard to medical science, it is very elementary. Occasionally here and there a successful doctor is to be found. This lack of knowledge is not to be wondered at, for Buddhism forbids dissection of bodies.

In the temple of Confucius a bronze figure is to be found, on which all the different parts are marked where the surgical needle may be applied. The needle is practically the only instrument used in the profession.

The height of civilization in China was reached at the end of the reign of Kang-hi. The gradual decline is supposed to have commenced with the Tartar domination.

Grains of Gold.

Nothing makes us rich that does not also make us grateful.

Every man who leads men ought to be very careful where he steps.

The pleasure of doing good is the only pleasure that never wears out.

Try to count your mercies, and your troubles will soon be forgotten.

It is easier to be brave in time of danger than patient under suffering.

Better than he who wipes away a tear is he who prevents it from starting.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.

There is something wrong in the heart of the man who gets mad at the truth.

Do good for your own satisfaction, and have no care of what may follow.

The covetous mind wants not only what it hath not, but also what it hath.

An ass covered with gold is more respected than a horse with a pack-saddle.

He that speaks me fair and loves me not, I'll speak him fair and trust him not.

It is a mistake to conclude that God has forsaken us because we may be having a hard time.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has greater share than the head.

Whoever tries to bid goodby to his sins one at a time, will never get them all behind him.

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

We see farthest into the future—and that is not far—when we most carefully consider the facts of the present.

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man, commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affections.

Femininities.

Children of the blind school—Lovers.

Queen Victoria used to write verses, but she reformed years ago.

There is one man who always draws the line somewhere, and that man is a surveyor.

A lady of much experience says that kissing comes as natural to a girl as a cunning fly to a bald head.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose eightieth birthday was recently celebrated, is learning to play on the piano.

The look on any married woman's face should convince the girls that the men are not worth the exertion necessary to catch one.

One reason why women excel in archery is supposed to be because they have a natural liking and aptitude for bending beaux.

The wife of President Cleveland has a most mellifluous voice, and an admirer says: "Her speech is a continual song without words."

If the anatomy of some people were constructed upon the proportion of what they say to what they do, there wouldn't be anything of them but mouth.

When the King of Portugal appeared in London he was so decorated with "orders" that an irreverent observer said he looked like a bargain counter on ribbon day.

Some English papers say that for a long time the pocket money allowance of the Princess Maud, of Wales, was only $5 a month. Her mother when a girl had the same amount.

Said Juliana to Augustus: "Do you really think that a miss is as good as a mile?" "Yes, Miss Juliana, and a great deal better, for one can kiss a miss, but who ever heard of anyone kissing a mile?"

A man tried for marrying six wives, on being asked how he could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many, replied with great nonchalance, "Why, please your worship, I was trying to get a good one."

An old bachelor having fallen in love behaved in a ridiculous manner, but a lady excused his infatuation by saying: "It is with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them kindled but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously."

"Mamma," said a girl, "what would be an appropriate present to give George? You know we are not engaged yet." "How long has he been calling upon you?" "About two years." "Then I think a pretty plain hint will be the proper thing to give him."

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "who was it supported the world on his shoulders?" "It was Atlas, ma'am." "And who supported Atlas?" "The book doesn't say; but I suppose his wife supported him."

There are at present two Chinese girls who are studying medicine at the University of Michigan. One of them, Miss Shie, has been elected secretary of the senior class. The ultimate object of these women is to return to China as Christian medical missionaries.

The father-in-law of a newly-married man found him purchasing a piano for his young wife, and reminded him that she didn't play that instrument, whereupon the affectionate husband exclaimed: "Don't you suppose I know that? If she could play, do you suppose I would give her a piano?"

"My love," said a wife, fondly, "am I not to have that beautiful dress pattern I spoke of?" "Be patient, my dear," he replied; "I will only say there is a surprise in store for you." "In store for me!" she snapped; "that's where it will stay. A real surprise would be something for me at home."

"They tell me you have traveled," said she, during a lull in the conversation the other night. "Yes, I've traveled a great deal," he replied; "I wish I was traveling now." "I wish you were," innocently rejoined the young lady, noticing that both hands of the clock were pointing upwards.

In the good old times, females were not allowed to appear upon the stage, and the female characters were sustained by men. On one occasion Charles II. was exceeding wroth that the performances which he had come to witness did not begin. The manager, to excuse himself, pleaded—"The queen is not yet shaved."

An engineer on one of the railroads exacted from his wife the promise that she would always signal from a particular window of their little house as his train went by, and ever since he has always seen the fluttering kerchief. But the other day the train happened to run by slowly, and he saw—a dummy in a familiar gown, leaning against the window casing, with a dishcloth pinned to its sleeve!

"Mr. Hopkins, I'm glad you've stayed to dinner with us to-day." "Thank you, Johnny. Why are you glad?" "I heard mamma tell the cook two hours ago that there wasn't any signs of your going, and she might as well open a jar of preserves. If you hadn't stayed we wouldn't have had any preserves, I expect.— Why, mamma, what are you punching me that way for with your knee?"

Masculinities.

Even the atheist will admit that some girls are perfect angels.

It is not what is inside a man that makes him look distinguished; it is his clothes.

Our best friends are those who keep perfectly quiet when some one is enumerating our virtues.

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is likely any other disease—while there's life there's hope.

The man who celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding appreciates the value of free silver.

"It is very curious," said a young lady, "that a tortoise from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

Give a bald-headed man hair and he would not be satisfied. He would want to know what would make it black and curly.

One man makes all the burglars' "jimmies" used in London. There is no law by which their manufacture may be stopped.

King Humbert of Italy has absolutely no sense of humor it is said, and regards a joke of any kind as a gross breach of etiquette.

First Tramp: "It makes me nervous to sleep in one of dese lodgin' houses. Supposin' a fire wuz to break out in de night?" Second Tramp: "Dat's so. Dem firemen would turn a hose on yer in a minute."

"What's your husband doing now?" "He's a speculator." "Indeed! What in?" "Oh, things in general. He just sits around and puts in his time speculating about the public debt and the distance of the sun, and I don't know what all."

"You have a lovely hand, Nellie," said Algernon, softly. "Do you think so?" "I know it. I admire a beautiful hand, but mine is large and ill-formed. I wish I had a hand like yours." "Then why don't you ask for it?" He gasped once, and then asked for it.

Blobson, to Dumpsey, who has been on a deer-hunting trip: "You are not looking so well as I expected to see you, old fellow. Did you gain anything in weight?" Dumpsey: "Yes; I gained two pounds, but the doctors have succeeded in removing most of the shot."

"Do you recollect that old motto we used to see in our copy-books, 'Learn to say no?'" asked Bliven of a friend, "Yes. What of it?" "Nothing; only I was just wondering whether the young woman whom I honored with my adoration hasn't had a heap of practice in it."

Ward Leonard, of Vincennes, Ind., 60 years old, was drowned in the Wabash river, a few days ago, and the fact is recalled that all his family—his mother and father, two brothers and a sister—met death in the same way, being drowned in the Ohio river, at different times, during the last 30 years.

Ella: "Why, father, I should think you would be ashamed to wear that great pair of number twelve boots with those huge nails." Father, significantly: "I know, my dear, but the heifer died to-day, and I want to kick somebody." Then Ella went into the house and wrote Walter not to call for a week.

Irate Customer: "See here, that bed you sent me is so short I can't lie it—feet stick way out beyond the footboard." Dealer: "By Jinks! That new clerk of mine sent you the wrong bedstead. That was not intended for this trade at all." "Well, what under the canopy are such beds made for?" "They are for the summer resort hotel trade; made to fit the rooms, you know."

An Irishman, who was a witness in a recent case, gave a lawyer who was cross-examining him so much trouble by his witty evasions that the counsel at last said to him: "See here, my man, if the deuce could have his choice between you and me, which of us do you think he would take first?" "Which of us would the deuce take first?" said the witness. "Why, me, of course, because he knows that he could have you at any time."

Among the witty aphorisms upon an unsafe topic is Lord Alvanley's description of a man who muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills; Lord Oxford's definition of timber, "An excrescence on the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts;" and Pelham's argument that it is respectable to be arrested, because it shows that the party once had credit.

"Isn't it a grand sight?" exclaimed an enthusiastic member of an Eastern rifle club, as the boys were peppering away at their beautiful painted target. "Very pretty," assented a stranger from the far West, "it reminds me of a Vassar College commencement I once attended." "Strange!" muttered the member suspiciously. "Why does our shoot remind you of a Vassar commencement?" "It is such a beautiful collection of misses," replied the stranger from the far West.

Since the Conservative victory in Great Britain it has been a common thing to hear of the election of peers as Mayors of large towns in England. The Earl of Derby has been elected Mayor of Liverpool; the Duke of Norfolk of Sheffield; Lord Ripon, of Ripon; Lord Zetland, of Richmond, and Lord Lonsdale, of Whitehaven. The Mayors of English towns and cities are always chosen by the Aldermen or Councilmen, and they are generally successful business men.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Every woman can dress elegantly if she has unlimited means, but every woman with money does not dress in good taste, and the latter quality will often serve more effectually than the money, if it is accomplished by grace and style of figure, so there is something to compensate for the lack of the wherewithal to buy regardless of cost. It is the happy medium in dress which is so difficult to strike, because it is hard to make one gown do the services of three or four; but the woman who studies herself and the possibilities of fashion with some care will make a pretty good success of this sort of thing.

Fancy vests, wide revers and added basques; yokes and wide collars, which are such a feature of fashion this season, aid very materially in fixing over the old gowns. The vest can be of one material and the revers and basque of another, so the whole front of the bodice is practically new. Very pretty vests are made of old-fashioned silk handkerchiefs, with variegated palm leaves scattered over a red ground. They are first accordion plaited and arranged with a slight pouch effect, and are very effective in a dark blue gown. Yokes of satin covered with lace or embroidered with beads and yokes of velvet as just as fashionable as ever, and they help out wonderfully in making a small bit of material do for a waist. Slashing the waist and sleeves and inserting a contrasting material is another way of eking out a small quantity. Four or five slashes can be made in the sleeves, and as in the bodice both back and front, and when they are arranged V shape, tapering to nothing at the waist line, the effect is very flattering to the figure. A black crepon with insertions of white satin, trimmed on all the edges with a tiny line of jet, is in very good style. The same effect is given to the skirt, which shows a line of white up each seam.

Women who study fashions in a far sighted way have prophesied for some time that the days of the bustle were about to return. They have said that organ-plaited backs presaged the advent of the bustle and that widely flaring skirts lined with stiffening would inevitably lead to the readoption of that clumsy article of attire which women gave up so gladly a few years ago.

The lingerie department in the shops would seem to bear out this prophecy. The bustle has made its reappearance there, tentatively so far, but still with the air of having come to stay. It is not the monstrous article which was banished when clinging skirts became fashionable. It is rather small and is made of haircloth, sometimes black, sometimes gray and sometimes white. It consists of three vertical puffs which look like the abbreviated lining to an organ-plait skirt, and it is finished by a frill of haircloth. Its main object is to give the skirt a start in the right direction. A well-lined skirt will flare at the bottom with the aid of a very small bustle.

A pretty bodice was made of shot silk, in delicate shades of blue and yellow, trimmed with narrow beurre-colored Valenciennes lace, rhinestone buttons and blue satin ribbon. This bodice is made without darts, the fullness being drawn under a belt of blue satin ribbon, which is finished on either side of the front with two small loops of the same. A yoke of the silk is adorned with horizontal rows of Valenciennes lace, which fits smoothly across the centre of the front, while either side of the lower edge is quite free from the bodice, and the upper edge is gathered at the shoulder points, thus forming a ruffle on either side of the front. A band of the silk is arranged on either side of the front and back, extending from the neck to the waist. Three rhinestone buttons ornament the front bands. The plaited collar band is made of blue satin ribbon, and is finished at the back with loops of the same. The leg-of-mutton sleeves is trimmed at the wrist by a pointed silk cuff edged with the lace.

Another chic bodice was made of pink taffetas, trimmed with ecru kilted lace and ecru passementerie. This full bodice has a short, round basque of accordion-plaited pink silk, the dividing line between the bodice and basque being concealed by a broad band of passementerie. The front, back and shoulders are garnished with cascades of ecru lace, headed with the ecru passementerie. The silk collar band is enriched in the front with passementerie, while the back is finished with out-standing kiltings of the lace and silk. The bouffante sleeves terminates at the elbow, and is entirely void of adornment.

A very smart bodice was of red prismatic silk, embellished in the centre of the front with a box plait extending from the neck to the belt, where it droops slightly. Three ecru guipure ornaments arranged on the box plait, while three decorate the bodice on either side of the plait. The gored sleeve is made of Paisley silk, and each gore is outlined by a ruffle of narrow ecru Valenciennes lace. It is finished at the waist with a ruffle of the red silk. The Paisley silk collar band is trimmed with perpendicular double ruffles of the lace, the upper edge being encircled with a ruffle of the red silk. The pointed belt is made of black velvet, enhanced with narrow bands of the Paisley silk.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Apples are plenty and fine in quality, and there are many healthful and delicious puddings that can be prepared with them. For an apple batter pudding sift into a large bowl two cups of flour, a pinch of salt and five teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add to this two cups of milk and one beaten egg. Mix well, and add sifted flour enough to make the mixture like a thick pancake batter. Have peeled, quartered and sliced some tart apples. Place a layer of the batter in a buttered pudding dish, then a layer of the sliced apples, and alternate until the dish is filled. Steam about an hour, or until it will not stick to a splint. Serve with a sweet sauce.

To make an apple roll, measure one pint of flour before sifting, two teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix together and rub into the dry ingredients with the fingers two generous tablespoonfuls of butter. Moisten with one cup of milk and roll out on a floured moulding board to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Spread on the dough a heaping tablespoonful of butter and sprinkle a half cup of sugar on the butter. Meanwhile have ready three pints of chopped tart apples, and spread them over the sugar; cover them with another cup of sugar and flavor with a little ground cinnamon or nutmeg. Roll up as jelly cake and cut into pieces one and one half inches thick. Place the rolls on end in a buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven over half an hour. Serve with a sauce.

A cottage pudding baked with apples is delicious. Pare, quarter and core tart apples enough to make two quarts. But the apples in a deep buttered dish with a half cup of water and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. Take one pint of flour, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of sugar. Rub through a sieve and mix in the flour with the fingers three tablespoonfuls of butter; add one cup of milk and one egg, well beaten, and stir with a spoon until it is a smooth paste. Take the dish from the oven and bake thirty five minutes. Serve with a sauce. Canned berries or cherries, with very little of the liquid, may be used in place of the apples. Pour the batter over the fruit and bake. Use the fruit juice to flavor the sauce.

Calf's Brains Saute.—The brains must be washed and cooked fifteen minutes in boiling water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of vinegar. Blanch and remove the bits of skin, etc. Break them up with a fork and mix them to a paste with a beaten egg, and a little pepper and salt. Have ready in the pan two tablespoonfuls of butter, and, when this is very hot, put in the brains by the spoonful, taking care that the portions do not crowd each other; turn carefully so as not to break them. Fry until brown, and serve.

Sweet Pickled Cucumbers.—Prepare and quarter ripe cucumbers, take out seeds, clean, lay in brine (that will float an egg) for nine days, stirring every day, take out and put in clean water for a day; lay in alum water over night; make syrup of one pint of good cider vinegar, one pound of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of broken cinnamon, mace and pepper; make syrup of three pints sugar to one quart vinegar enough to cover the slices, lay them in and cook till tender.

Potato Soup.—Wash and pare three potatoes and let them soak in cold water for half an hour. Put them into boiling water and cook very soft. Put a pint of milk on to boil in a double boiler with a teaspoonful of chopped onion. When the potatoes are very soft drain thoroughly and mash them. Add them to the boiling milk and season with one teaspoonful of salt and a dash or two of red pepper. Rub through a strainer and put on to boil again. Melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir into it one-half tablespoonful of flour; when well mixed, add enough of the soup to make it liquid, and then stir it into the boiling soup. Let it boil five minutes and serve very hot.

Grease spots, if not made by mineral oils, may generally be removed from silk, woollen, cotton or linen cloth by simply using soap and water and a nail-brush, and afterwards wiping off the latter with a wet towel. When this fails, cover the spots with French chalk, scraped to a fine powder; lay a piece of brown paper over them, and on this set a warm iron. This will melt the grease, and the chalk will absorb it, and the whole may then be removed by brushing. If this does not remove the grease spot, repeat the process. Or, the French chalk may be mixed with lavender water, or with benzine, so as to make a paste, which may then be put upon the stain or grease spot; over this lay a piece of blotting paper, and run it over with a hot iron; then brush off the chalk. If French chalk cannot be obtained, common chalk will answer, but it is not so good.

Tongue Toast.—Take a cold smoked tongue that has been well boiled; mince it fine; mix it with cream and beaten yolk of egg, and give it a simmer over the fire. Having first cut off all the crust, toast very nicely some slices of bread, and then butter them very slightly. Lay them in a flat dish that has been heated before the fire, and cover each slice of toast thickly with the tongue mixture; spread on hot; this is a nice breakfast or supper dish.

Roast Saddle of Mutton.—Lay in the dripping pan, pour a large cup of boiling water over it, and roast twelve minutes to the pound, basting often; as it begins to brown, cover with white paper, lifting this when you baste the meat: ten minutes before serving take off the paper, dredge the mutton with flour, baste with butter, and brown; skim the fat from the gravy, thicken with browned flower, season and boil once, then serve in a boat; pass currant jelly with the mutton.

Blanc Mange.—In two pints of sweetened cream (or milk) put one ounce of Russian isinglass and a little salt. place it over the fire and stir the isinglass until dissolved, then boil it well for ten minutes; it will not taste so rich if only scalded; flavor and strain into a pitcher; stand the pitcher where it will keep hot and all the sediment will settle; pour carefully into forms, that the sediment may not darken the ornaments. If peach water or almond is used for flavoring, put it in after boiling. The peel of a lemon and stick cinnamon boiled together in the milk is very pleasant.

Baked Ox-Tongue.—Put the tongue into an earthen pan, and lay on the top of it a few slices of butter; then cover the pan with a flour-and-water crust, and bake, according to size, in a moderately hot oven. When done, take off the skin and straighten the tongue on a board by means of skewers at the tip or root. When cold, glaze it, ornament it with a frill of paper, vegetables cut into shapes, and curled parsley.

Lemon-Peel.—One of the nicest flavorings for custards, stewed rhubarb, puddings, etc., is made from the brandy in which lemon-peel is soaked. A wide-mouthed bottle should be kept in which to put all spare lemon-peel; pour brandy over to cover it, and keep it corked. This is always ready for use. Another bottle should be kept for peel which has been chopped very fine and had a little salt put over it, this may be used for forcemeats or meat flavorings. Also dry some peel in a cool oven, and use this, crumbled fine or grated, for apples and various other things.

Potato Puff.—Whip boiled potatoes light with a fork, beat it butter, salt and milk, at last two frothed eggs, whisk to a cream, make into a smooth mound in a greased bake dish, and set it in a brisk oven to brown.

Raw Oysters.—Oysters on toast or roasted in the shell are often relished by convalescents. Other shell fish are considered unwholesome. Oyster toast is prepared in the following manner: Toast six medium sized slices of bread, butter them, and pour over them the boiling juice of a quart of oysters with the oysters themselves. Heat the juice carefully by itself at first, and season to the taste. Add the oysters as soon as the juice boils.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"A Calendar of Dogs and Cats for 1896" is a very pretty article of the kind issued by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York, and for sale by John Wanamaker.

A book particularly appropriate for a gift to one liking poetry is "The Complete Poems of Edgar Allen Poe," together with a selection from his stories. This is a beautifully printed and bound vignette edition containing one hundred grand illustrations. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

The December number of the Eclectic Magazine comprises a score or so of articles selected from the standard foreign periodicals, with a special view of interesting American readers. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth street, New York.

The fiction in the December number of the Cosmopolitan which is altogether an exceptionally interesting issue is by Robert Louis Stevenson, James Lane Allen, Sarah Grand, and Ouida. Most of the articles are finely illustrated. Published at Irvington, New York.

That fine publication "Music" comes out in its December number with a list of contents that more than ever show how broad is its field and how well it is working it. It is the best magazine of its kind we know. Published at Chicago.

Among the contents of the "Popular Science Monthly" for December, are "Principles of Taxation," "New Evidence of Glacial Man in Ohio," "Studies of Childhood," "The Anatomy of Speed Skating," "Health Experiments in the French Army," "Sir John Lubbock and the Religion of Savages," "Miracles in French Canada," "Has Immigration Increased Population?" "Insects' Eggs," and many more interesting papers. Published at New York.

The Christmas "Century" is notable both pictorially and for its literature. Perhaps the most striking and novel illustrations are those by Tissot from his well-known series, "The Life of Christ." A real old fashioned story by Stockton is entitled "Captain Eli's Best Ear." Among the short stories, is Rudyard Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy," accompanied by a dreamland map. The musician Stavenhagen has a timely paper, with portrait, on Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," and the other contents are of equal interest. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the December issue of "Lippincott's" is the "Old Silver Trail," by Mary E. Stickney. Many good articles make a very readable number. Published in this city.

The Christmas spirit runs all through the December number of "St Nicholas. "How a Street Car Came in a Stocking" is told by Harriet Allen. Sarah Orne Jewett tells of "Betty Leicester's English Christmas." There is almost a touch of pathos in "A Christmas White Elephant," by W. A. Wilson, jolly as the story is. James Whitcomb Riley contributes a child-poem, "The Dream March of the Children." In fact it is full of the best of matter from beginning to end. Published at New York.

Doctor Dorr.

BY H. G.

"I SUPPOSE I was crazy, or I shouldn't have thought in any way of the thing!" mused young Doctor Dorr. "Well, few of us but have our fits of harmless lunacy at times. Let it pass. That little three-year-old lad who cried last night at the hospital for the moon had to keep on crying. The moon wasn't to be had. Why am I to get my own way any more than he had his?"

Doctor Dorr had fought his way so far through life, and in the course of his hand to-hand contest with destiny he had learned to be a philosopher.

"But I loved her!" was his inward cry. "There is no getting aside of that. I loved her!"

And at the same time, little Lois Verney, dusting the picture frames at home, and polishing off the quaint mahogany table, was murmuring to herself the same sweet form of words which will prevail as long as there are love and youth and beauty in the world:

"I love him—I love him!"

While old Major Verney, glaring through his eye-glasses at the little pink envelope on the library table, found a husky voice to say:

"What's this, Mary Ann, eh? My niece writing letters?"

Mary Ann jumped. She stood in mortal fear of the grim Major, who was said to have killed three men in the Crimean War, and carried a bullet somewhere in the neighborhood of his left lung still.

"Please, sir, it's a letter Miss Lois gave me to post," faltered she; "but I ain't cleaned myself up yet, and——"

"Yes, yes!" said the Major. "You are a good girl, Mary Ann. Here is sixpence for you. I will attend to the letter.

And Mary Ann responded:

"Yes, please, sir!"

Lois dressed herself that night in her best pin-checked silk gown, with a pink ribbon in her hair, that flung an answering signal to the color in her cheeks, and sat by the window all the evening. But no one came.

She made a transparent little errand to walk past the hospital the next day. By a strange coincidence it was the day of Doctor Dorr's attendance there—yes, the very hour.

He came out, and Lois' silly little heart began to beat; but he only lifted his hat with icicle-like courtesy and passed on.

Lois stood a minute looking after him, as if she were dazed, and then and there the candle of hope went out in her poor little heart.

"If this is love," said Lois to herself, "it is very disappointing, and—and—and I want no more to do with it. Oh, dear—oh, dear, I wish I were dead!"

Doctor Dorr went on with his work in life. His sister, a hard-featured maiden lady, kept house for him, and there never lacked a button on his shirt, nor the proper seasoning to his soup.

Lois Verney, too, worked on; but she, poor child, was at a disadvantage; for the old Major was dead, and Lois had a hard time to keep the proverbial wolf from the door.

"Please miss," said Mary Ann, one breezy April morning, "I've brought back them painted shells and plackets, and things—"

"Plaques, Mary Ann—plaques," mildly corrected Lois.

"And the bookseller, miss, please, he says there ain't no sale for no such, and, please, he wants the window open for something else."

"Very well, Mary Ann," said Lois, with a sigh deep as Avernus.

"And please, miss, the oilman says he has orders not to fill the can until the bill is paid."

"Then we must burn candles, Mary Ann," said Lois, "for we have no money to pay bills."

"But the grocer, miss, please, he says he'd rather we'd patronize some other shop till we've paid something on account."

"Very well," said Lois, listlessly.

She was no Midas. She could not turn blank paper into money by the touch of her fingers.

"And, please, miss, what shall I tell the butcher?" persisted Mary Ann, the ruthless.

"Mary Ann, do go away!" wailed Lois. "How do I know? There's my purse. There is a shilling in it, and that's all I've got in the world. And I don't see any chance of earning anything more. There's some one knocking at the door. Go quick, and see who it is."

Mary Ann clattered downstairs. It was Mrs. Castleton's maid, with a book which her mistress had borrowed of Miss Verney.

"And please, missus 'ud like to borry 'Peveril of the Peak,' if Miss Verney'll let her have it."

Major Verney had been something of a book collector in his day, and all the neighborhood were now profiting by it.

As Mary Ann remarked, "It did seem as if it took one person's time to run up and down stairs with books for them as borried and returned."

"Well, I'll see," said Mary Ann.

And once more she clattered up stairs.

"Here's 'Jane Eyre,' miss," said she. "And Mrs. Castleton wants to borry 'Peveril's Peak.'"

"Let her have it," said Lois.

Mary Ann advanced close to her mistress.

"Miss Lois," said she, in a confidential undertone, "if it ain't makin' too bold, why don't we keep a circulating library instead of a free lending place? I heard the bookseller say to-day, while I was wrapping up my plackets and things in brown paper, as he made more money out of his circulating library than he did out of his regular business.

Lois brightened up.

"There's some sense in what you say, Mary Ann," said she. "Money must be had in some way, and poor Uncle Verney's books shall earn it for us. I'll cover and number them myself, and you shall give them out and take them in."

Mary Ann was not a bad business agent, and the circulating library business prospered in a small way.

And between whiles, Lois did law copying and mended the already twice darned house linen. Anything—anything to escape the pitiless demons of thought and memory!

"'Clarissa Harlowe,' eh? That's number fourteen," said Mary Ann to Betsey Roper, a round cheeked, servant maid, who had stepped around with her apron over her head and a bright silver shilling tied in the corner of her pocket-handkerchief. "It's the first call we've had for 'Clarissa Harlowe.'"

"I don't know much about 'un," said Betsey, blushing a vivid plum color; "but my old uncle in Yorrukshire, he always toald me to be sure and read 'un when I gotten a chance. He said there were no such books writ these days as 'un. I can keep 'un in the dresser drawer, and read 'un at night when the back o' my work is broken."

Betsey Roper went away chuckling, with the first volume of "Clarissa Harlowe" under her arm, done up in brown paper, and neatly pack-threaded.

But in her desire to cultivate a literary taste, Betsy had calculated without her mistress. "Clarissa" had not lain under the napkins in the dresser drawer two hours later when Miss Minerva Dorr triumphantly possessed herself of it, in the course of a search after a missing japanned tray.

"Ah!" said Miss Minerva, "novels, eh? In my kitchen! Not if I know it!"

And she carried "Clarissa" up to her brother's surgery without loss of time.

"Just see here, David, if you please," said she, quivering all over with righteous indignation. "And that English girl, too, who came so highly recommended, hiding novels away in your kitchen! What is this world coming to?"

Doctor Dorr glanced from his writing with a smile.

"Why," said he, "I suppose housemaids like to read as well as other people."

"Like!" repeated Miss Minerva—"a silly novel like this?"

"An old English classic, Minerva," gently corrected her brother. "Not that it is my style of reading, but I see no harm in it."

"I shall talk to Betsy when she gets back with the yeast," said Miss Dorr, rigidly. "In the meantime, you will please keep the book here."

Miss Dorr descended once more into the subterranean region, determined to "see the thing through."

Doctor Dorr took up the book, and slowly turned the leaves over.

"Hello!" he said to himself, "here's two leaves pasted together, with something between them!"

He separated the sealed leaves deftly with his ivory paper cutter.

A letter lay there, directed, in a delicate woman's hand-writing, to "Doctor David Dorr."

He opened it, with a strange, giddy feeling in his head.

It was a letter that Lois Verney had written to him five years ago—the letter that said, so innocently, so frankly:

"I love you. I will be your wife."

Major Verney had put the letter there. It required more moral courage than he possessed to destroy it out and out; so he had compromised matters by hiding it between the leaves of "Clarissa Harlowe"—a book which nobody cared to read in this generation. And Major Verney had died and made no sign!

Doctor Dorr rose up hurriedly. He could guess how it all was. His heart leaped joyfully in his breast; all the world seemed couleur de rose to him.

He took the letter in his hand, and carried it straightway to the little, old house in Pendragon street.

Lois was at the window, watering her geraniums. She herself admitted him, with a grave, inquiring face.

"Lois—my little Lois?"

"David!"

The old words came back to their lips as if all the past five years were blotted out. He took her in his arms, and she let her head fall on his shoulder.

"Look, love!" he said, holding up the letter. "I have never seen it until to-day. I found it hidden away with the seal unbroken, between the leaves of your uncle's old 'Clarissa Harlowe!'"

"Oh, David! Then you never knew—"

"That you had accepted me? Not until this hour, Lois. Oh, my darling, my sweetheart! what must you have thought?"

Her head drooped; the bright drops sparkled into her eyes.

"I thought," she whispered, "that life was very hard. But—but I don't think so now. I can understand it all. Uncle Verney never liked you. He wanted me to marry old Walker. But he is dead now. We'll forget it all, David—won't we?"

"For your sake, darling—yes!"

And in the general tidal wave of happiness, no one once thought of Betsy Roper, crying her eyes out behind the big kitchen towel in Doctor Dorr's kitchen.

"I never had no chance to read 'un before," said she. "And now 'un's gone. An' I doan't know what Uncle Ezra, in Yorrukshire, will say when he hears how 'un disappeared!"

But Betsey was not discharged. Doctor Dorr saw to that.

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MAN.

The man who goes to church because
He finds it warmer than his home,
May some day reach a red-hot place
From which he will be glad to roam.

Whate'er man knows about his foes
He may sweep off from memory's shelf;
But he can't forget the meanest things
He knows and thinks about himself.
—U. S. NOTE.

What part of a ship is like a farmer?—The tiller.

When is a literary man like a vegetable?—When he is a commentator.

The undoubted wheel of fortune—The wheel of a wealthy man's carriage.

A certain dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try a new boot without "putting his foot in it."

"She'll be a Madonna one of these days." The remark was made of a young lady who was preparing to make her debut in opera.

Mr. Harris "was never more s-s-sober in the whole course of his life," but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would "wait until one came round."

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady.

"Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own may be, a year hence."

Bill Wiggins is a very neat fellow. He says he can't spare time to take a bath; besides, it costs money for soap and towels. We asked him how he managed to keep clean. "Oh," said he, with a highly inventive shirk, "I sandpaper myself once a year."

Customer: Can't you wait upon me? I've been here for nearly an hour. Two pounds of liver, please.

Butcher: Sorry, but there're three or four ahead of you. Surely, you don't want your liver out of order?

"I see you have a new organist," said the occasional attendant.

"Yes," answered the medium; "the other fellow got entirely too fresh. We called up the spirit of Brigham Young last meeting, and what do you suppose the idiot played? 'Only One Girl in the World for Me!'"

"I wonder," said Boothby Forrest to a member of the same cast with himself, "why is it that so many professional actors assume to look down on us amateurs?" "They're jealous," replied Salvinny Irvington, confidently, "They're jealous because we don't have to walk as far as they do to get home in case a performance fails."

He was a German student, and this was the letter he addressed to his uncle: "Dear Uncle—A very strange thing happened yesterday. I went to see a friend of mine at the bank, who knows your handwriting very well, and he thought you were ill, as I had not lately presented any checks signed by you. He begs to be remembered to you, as also do I; and you might let my friend see your signature again. If you are very busy, you might send a blank check, and I will fill it in. Yours affectionately, Karl."

It is enjoyable to read a good story of the biter being bitten, and the following one may not be amiss:

A class of students, holding a grudge against one of the professors, tied a live goose to his chair. Upon entering the room the professor saw the goose, and calmly walking up to the desk, addressed the class as follows:

"Gentlemen, as you have succeeded in getting an instructor so much better qualified to direct the bent of your ideas, I beg you will pardon me for resigning the chair."

One of the smaller New England colleges has for janitor a colored man, who has filled that position to the satisfaction of all concerned for over twenty five years. Like many of his race, he is possessed of much wit, and it is not often that the students get the laugh on "Sam," as they familiarly and affectionately call him. One autumn day, just after the college year had begun, when he was overseeing the burning over of a part of the campus, a freshman roaming along cried:

"Well, Sam, that's most as black as you are!"

"Yes, sah," promptly replied Sam; "and next spring it will be 'most as green as you are!"

A lady having occasion to call upon Abernethy, and knowing his repugnance to anything like verbosity, forbore speaking except simply in reply to his laconic inquiries. The consultation, during three visits, was conducted in the following manner:

First day (lady enters, and holds out her finger).

Arbenethy: Cut?

Lady: Bite.

A.: Dog?

L.: Parrot.

A.: Go home and poultice it.

Second day (finger held out again).

A.: Better?

L.: Worse.

A.: Go home and poultice it again.

Third day (finger held out as before).

A.: Better?

L.: Well.

A.: You're the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-by.

ARCTIC SUNBURNS.—To hear of suffering from heat in the Arctic regions sounds incredible to those who have never been there.

Lieutenant Gilder relates the experience of his party from this cause while one summer in King William's land and declares that probably nowhere on earth is the traveler more annoyed by acute sunburn than in the frigid zone.

The heat of ordinary exercise compels him to throw back the hood of his fur coat and by thus exposing the head not only his entire face becomes blistered, but—especially if he is fashionable enough to wear his hair thin on the top of his head—his entire scalp is affected about as severely as if a bucket of scalding water had been poured upon him.

At a later period Lieut. Schwatka's entire party, while upon a sledge journey from Marble Island to Camp Daly, were so severely burned that not only their faces but their entire heads were swollen to nearly twice their size.

And a fine-looking party they were. Some had faces so swollen that their eyes were completely closed on awakening from sleep. When one was fortunate enough to be able to see the others he could not refrain from laughing.

All dignity was lost. Even the august commander of the party was a laughing stock, and, though he knew why they laughed at each other, he could not understand why he should excite such mirth.

Pretty soon he saw his face in a mirror, and found that when he tried to smile his lips were so thoroughly swollen that the effect was anything but happy.

The contortion expressed sentiment, but hardly that of pleasure. He could readily have been taken for a grimacing idiot, or a malicious lunatic, according to the preference of the beholder.

OVER ANXIOUS MOTHERS.—In some families you see the mother devoted to her offspring with that almost convulsive love which give the loving more pain than pleasure and considerably embarrasses the loved.

She makes her love a burden by its unreasoning amount, and a torture by its unreasoning application.

Everything fills her with apprehension for the safety of her darlings, and, in her terror, she would deprive them of the free use of their physical powers, lest in their use they should come to grief.

All the horses will run away, and all the guns will burst; all the boats will founder, and all the base-balls will dodge the bat and hit the batter; football means death on the field; a bicycle is but another name for a coroner's inquest; a summer's day spells sunstroke, and a winter's is the sure precursor of bronchitis, ending in consumption: no ice that was ever welded together by Jack Frost will bear her dear ones.

And so she goes on through the whole roll call of youthful activities and pleasures, her very love making her a tyrant. How, then, can the children love her as she loves them? it is morally impossible, seeing in that love, as they do, only their own comfort, their own denials, and naturally objecting to its display.

TRUST your friends, of course, but do it with your eyes open.

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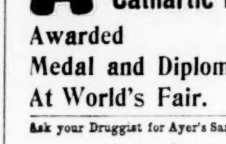

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 2.55, 8.08, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.14 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.08, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 8.00, 6.00 p m, 12.16 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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